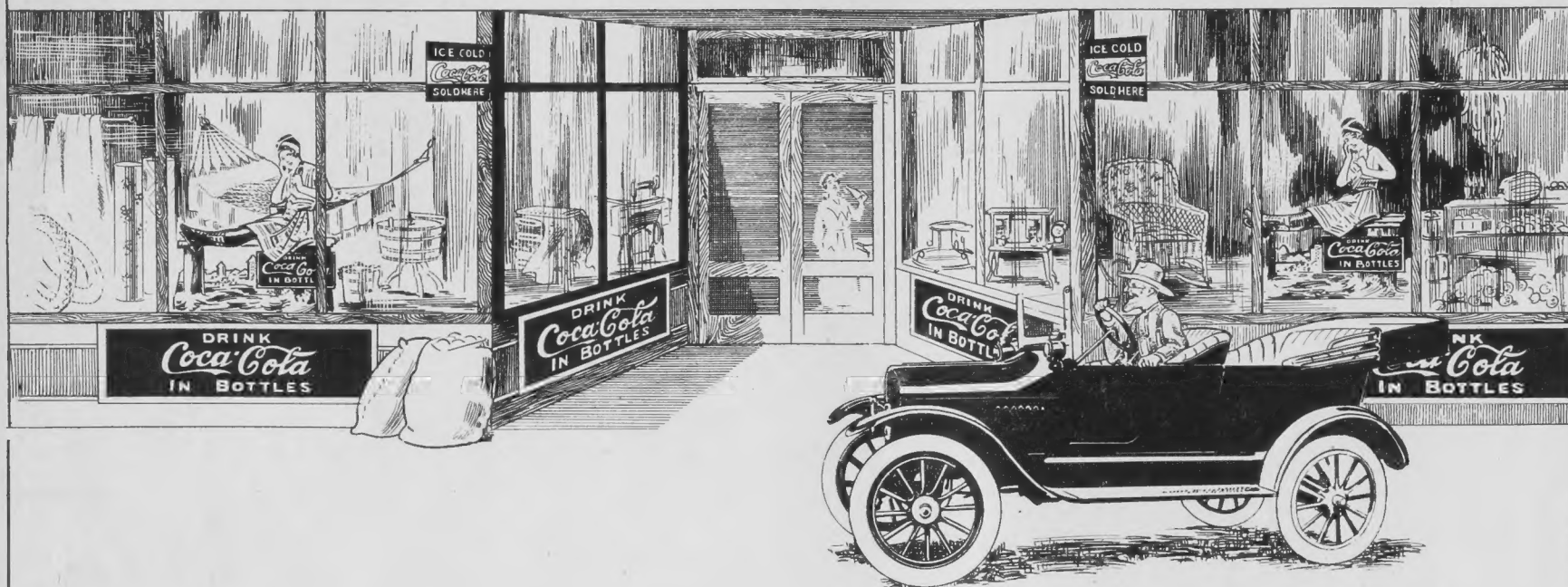




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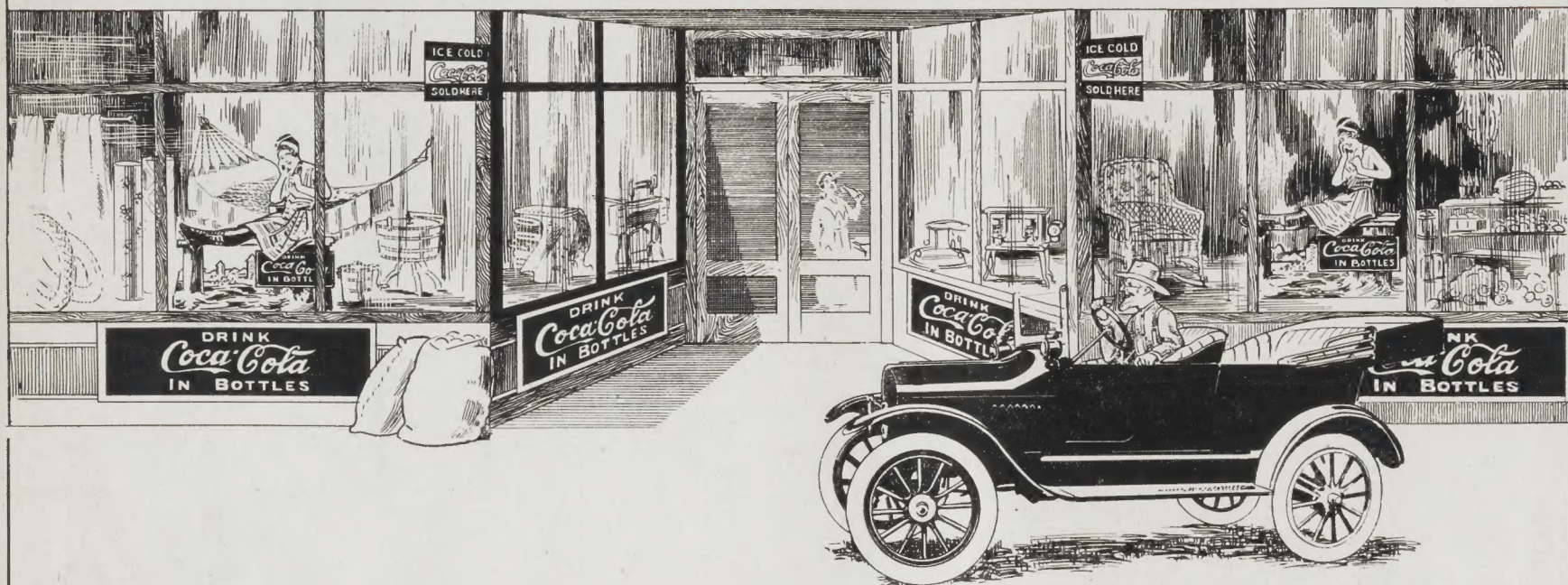
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Letters from Laddie

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Bonnycastle Dale

OUR big ship and her active convoy are safe outside the worst danger zone; but a rumor of a wireless, telling of larger cruiser subs bound towards America is on all lips, so we still wear our cork outsiders—safety first for us residents of Blightyville. We are well treated, well fed and happy as the day is long, excepting those who are seasick. It's odd, but true, I don't take it. You may remember on the way across two years ago that I was slightly indisposed, but seasick? Never!

"I have as room-mate a chap who was on the Italian front. He has some weird tales; he's just warming to his subject, so I'll quietly take some notes:—

"We were on the northern side of a foothill of the Alps, after a four-days march. We had just relieved a company of 'feather-tops,' those Alpine hill climbers—good men at the work, too. The Cap' has just got us all settled down nicely to our knitting when out broke a 'rat-tat-

tat,' not a bit like a machine gun or mortar. Some new Hun devilry, we guessed, so we all ducked and stayed put.' (He was a Boston, U.S., man.) 'Finally the Cap' crept up to me and asked what I made of it, as although the reports were plain enough, no bullets were singing overhead. "Rat-tat-tat" it went, not very far off either; but the night was blank dark on the cold side of the hill, and a cutting sleet was falling.

" "Hoo—ooo—Help!—the devil is out in the mountains!" came a faint, distant voice out of the gloom, then came a cry so wild and fearful that every one of us promptly put on an extra thick coat of gooseflesh. "Tat-tat-tat—Whopp. Hoo—ooo—take care where you're coming you long legged swab!" Then a mighty burst of most fearful laughter—then silence. Not a sound for hours, while we stood ready to repel attack. The cold grey dawn came, the tips of the snow-clad Alpine heights caught the sun; the icy ledges and glittering snowbanks broke

out into a rattle of rifle shots. "What's that?" asked the man next me.

" "What's what?" questioned the Cap' who heard the exclamation.

"Them two spider webs running across the valley? Say, if they've got them spun for flies they must be dandy big ones—Lookee! Here comes the daddy of all spiders." It was a wonderful sight. Our minds filled with the man's idea of webs and spiders helped, I must admit; but there, about a mile away, stretched a glittering double strand of a web from hillside to hillside—fully half a mile high up and perhaps a mile long across.

" "Take a look through my glasses at your first Telefricka, an aerial transport line," said the officer. I looked. It was a small wire basket-like car that was swinging along one of the web-like strands. In it was a wrapped up bundle that instinct told us was a wounded man. The car passed down the sag, struck the upslope, and a wheel slipped and the basket stuck and tipped at a hair-raising angle. The bundle in it tossed its arms loose and clung on for dear life. Out from our side started another basket—just like those you see in a cash-carrying system in some

big department stores, only much larger. In it was a "feather-top." As soon as he reached the disabled car he started, might and main, to raise its dismantled pulley into place; then, finding himself too weak for this work, he slowly but surely changed places in mid air with the human bundle. Now the exchange is complete and the wounded man is drawn back in the good car to the starting point, and the white, shining slopes volley with ringing cheers, to be raised again later when the rescuer, unaided, gets his basket righted and swings off in safety.

"It was weeks later before I solved the whole action of the night before. It seems a new man was going across and met a strapped in mule at the sag—a mule with wildly flying legs and loud, startling cries. No wonder he called—"the devil is out in the mountains."

"Yes, that sounds good to me," broke in a hearty voice from the shelter of the lifeboat. "Up-pup-pup," he went, as a vicious, plunging roll of the great liner sent a curling, roaring, miniature waterspout all over him.

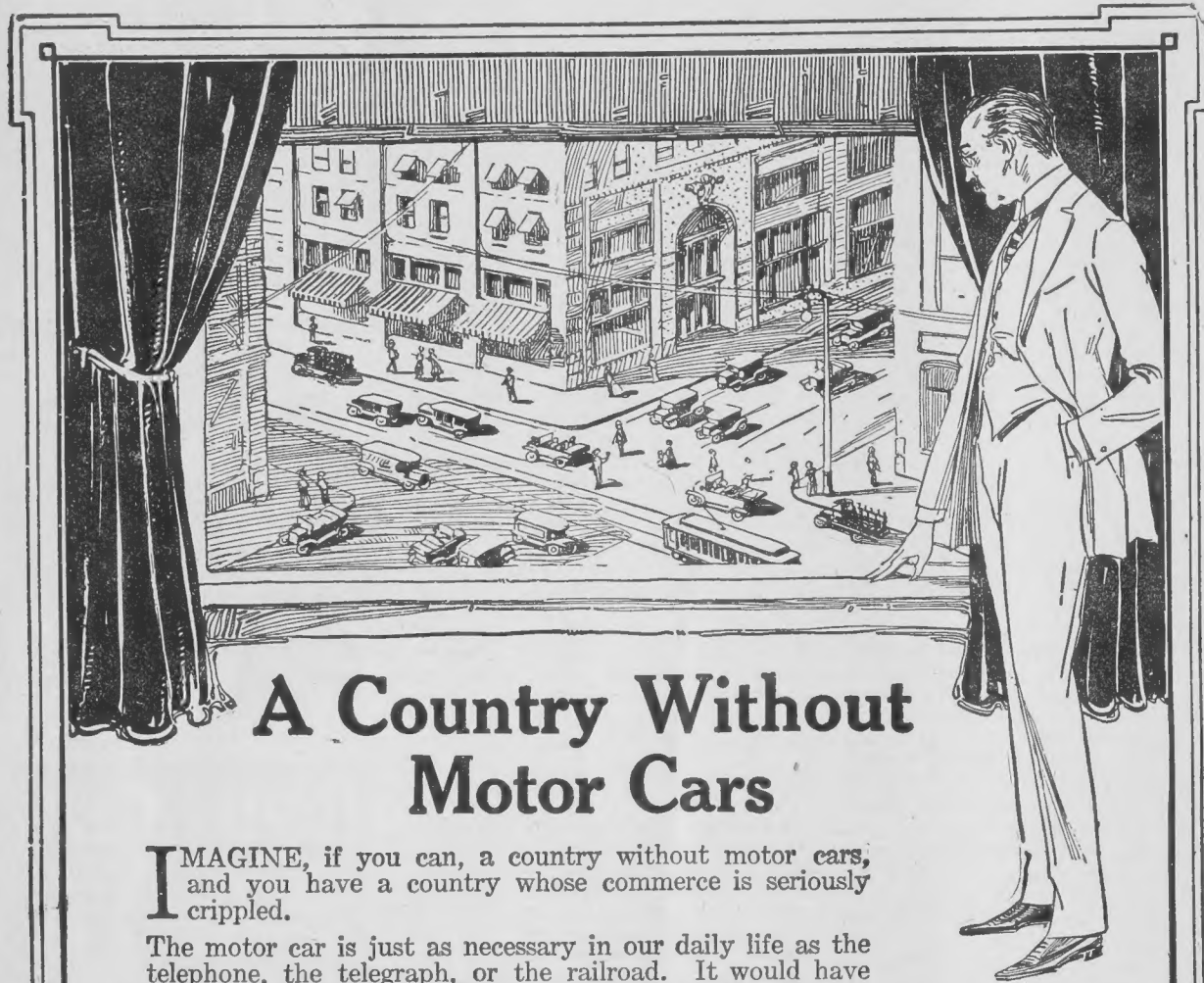
"Up above it's all right; you ought to be down below with us! Once we came up so close to an enemy sub I could have lassoed the spyglass if I had had my rope with me." (Evidently an old western plains cattle man, the cowboy of the merry fiction writer.)

"We just backed off in the dusk and blew her stern away as clean as a whiffet, then we picked up all the men we could find, crowded them on our deck, after we carefully searched them, wirelessly a destroyer and transferred them safely.

"Our one big enemy is not the Hun. Oh! indeed no; the ever-present British navy. You see a destroyer hasn't time to ask who we are and if we will come over to five-o'clock tea. No; she just smashes a hail of quick frasers over at all subs, I guess, and picks up the remains. So it's a below when we see the White Ensign. In fact our own boats are our worst trouble. We, when we are in enemy water, have to make sure that we are not after a neutral or an Allied boat, while the sneaking German can sink anything he finds, for he has nothing afloat on the high seas but some oil spots. The strangest thing that ever happened a diver I was on was once when we were swirled off balance, running thirty feet down. Over we went on one side, until the sweating arch above was almost the beam below, then back we were swirled the other way. "Net," growled the young engineer. "Weeds in our spinner?" hazarded a voice from one of the dark cubby holes. A signal light glowed; the engineer slid the gear and up we started. Once on deck we saw the cause. A school of whales were rising and falling and pouting all about us, when "slam!" "splash!" In came a big H. E., or it sounded like it—I used to be with the guns you know. Well, the big targets were off ahead now, so we all crowded up to see the fun. The very lean devil of a sub we were after was firing shell after shell into the splashing, spouting confusion. The visibility was bad and I guess they thought it was a flock of "Tin Lizzies."—What's a Lizzie? Oh, that's the new mosquito fleet the convoys carry and flop overboard in wads—you ought to see them go. It's unhealthy for a sub to be there or thereabouts at just that time. In went our gun; down we all crowded; in slid the peeper, and off we went after those whale hunters. Several times the observer took a peep, and at last we came up and sent our compliments over—twice. Then we slid under, just in time to hear a loud explosion. You see if we are far out, and in danger we cannot save a whole crew; no room in our sweat-box you see. But we got after the poor chaps that were left, and, as it wasn't too bad a sea, got the collapsible out and filled it with them. It would have made any chap laugh to see one good swimmer paddling about the remains of one of those whales, trying to find the landing place. Yes, we took him in too, and towed them until we met our patrol boat. There have been dozens of whales killed and hundreds of porpoises and seals by over-ready gunners on the merchant marine. Yes, and on the navy, too."

"We got the day's news just then, as we were crouched nearest to the wireless cabin. In fact we were the only ones up there that wild day. Odd news, too: We hear of some of our farmers raising Cain about the boys being taken off the farms. But for the British navy there would have been no farms to take them

(Continued on Page 17)



A Country Without Motor Cars

IMAGINE, if you can, a country without motor cars, and you have a country whose commerce is seriously crippled.

The motor car is just as necessary in our daily life as the telephone, the telegraph, or the railroad. It would have disappeared long ago, as many mere fads do, if it had no function higher than mere pleasure. Its permanent usefulness is recognized.

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Imagine, if you can, the Allies without motor transportation attempting to fight Germany motor equipped.

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Editorial

Save the Race

THE war has made all nations take action that would have been impossible in peace times. Illustrations are found in the food laws of the various countries, the legislation in regard to the manufacture and sale of liquor, the income tax schedules, the taxation of business profits, the regulation of traffic, the conscription of men and material. There seems to be nothing that the nation cannot demand of the individual provided it is in the national interest. It is not strange then that there should in some quarters be serious consideration of the problem of race improvement through preventive legislation and otherwise. The ravages of venereal disease in all lands have called for remedial measures, and the only sure preventive is that which will have to be taken ultimately—the prohibition of marriage to all who are unclean. To be sure there must in addition be treatment of the unfortunate victims of disease for their own sake, but the great problem is to save the race. Medical associations are becoming alive to the menace, and if they have courage equal to their wisdom it will not be long before something is done. We have many duties to children. One of the chief is to see that they come into the world right.

No Compromise

THE longer the war lasts and the more costly it proves in men and money, the greater becomes the determination of all right thinking persons to continue until German power is crushed beyond power of revival. Peace is the most desirable thing in this whole world, but it is impossible to make peace with those who are hopelessly inhuman and untrustworthy, whose devilish deeds are matched only by their broken faith. The speeches of Von Hertling to-day with their suggestions of peace, and the arrogant utterances of the German press and the great war-lords, after the first great drive lead one to think that surely the old rhyme was intended to picture present day conditions:

"The Devil was ill, the Devil a saint would be
"The Devil grew well, the Devil a saint was he."

It is not surprising that public opinion in the United States, Britain, France and Italy is ever the same. President Wilson's Fourth of July address is but typical of all that the American press is saying. Consider this from the New York Times:

"There need be no doubt on the part of Germany that her present military offensive is having an effect upon American nerves, upon American minds, upon American wills—such an effect as will make the preparing peace offensive as useless as it is loathsome—ending forever any American thought of discussing peace with Germany's masters.

"Indeed, the last thing America now wants is peace with Germany; let there be no mistake about that. America will have no peace until she has so thoroughly whipped the Germans that they cease being German.

"Yes, when Germany ceases to be German; when the frontiers of civilization are extended eastward beyond the Rhine and the spirit of brotherhood flows westward from Moscow and Warsaw; when Germany becomes something else than the well-spring of the savagery that has, for these twenty centuries again and again overflowed and devastated Europe, each time undoing the progress of generations; indeed, when the Prussian pseudo-state ceases to exist—then, and not till then, will America believe that humanity and democracy are safe or consider that foundations for permanent peace and true progress can be laid.

"America no longer considers Germany a civilized nation. Her character is to-day exactly what Julius Caesar declared it to be, what Dante described it as being, what the history of Europe proves it to have been always—the character of the savage who has not yet become human."

The English and Canadian writers are quite as unspoken, and they go even further pointing out that even when the war is ended Germany is not going to stand even where she was before the war, as one of the great sisterhood of respected nations. By her sin she has made herself an outcast, so that her downfall means not only loss of military power, but loss of economic position and of that industrial leadership she had won through her industry. Particularly is it the voice of the British seamen, who are practical dictators in all that pertains to trade and commerce.

Public Opinion

THERE is always some foundation for public clamor. The clamor at the present time is so loud and so persistent that the man of dullest hearing cannot fail to catch some of the voices that are uttering protestations. Here are a few of the things people are saying:

1. The alien mine-workers of Western Canada should do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. They are no better than our own flesh and blood, who have volunteered or who have been conscripted for service abroad. It is held that the government should immediately conscript alien labor, and that a government

not strong enough to do this is not capable of serving the people of Canada. It is said, moreover, that though we have in name a Union government, the two old line parties are still jockeying for position, and each is endeavoring to make sure of the non-English vote. We cannot believe this is true, but many there are who assert it. If there should be one public servant acting on this assumption he will be well advised to reform his ways. The old line parties as such will never have a look in again. Any divisions there may be in Canada will be on totally new lines. Liberalism and Toryism of the old type are dead.

2. It is said that the moneyed interests still control Canadian policies, that they dictate the railway settlement, the trade policies, the food regulations, and in short that even as in the days of party government they still have the ear of our rulers. It is surely hard to give credence to such a rumor, but how can one explain the coal situation, the railway award, the delay in fixing food profits and profiteering generally? Before our people will be satisfied, a good deal of explaining has to be done. The following from the organ of the Social Service Council is typical of what is mind of our people:

"People of Winnipeg and Manitoba have a right to all the information that is available respecting the administration of the Dominion and Provincial Fuel Commissions and the reasons why a fair proportion of the hard coal promised to Canada shall not be available in Winnipeg and Manitoba. It is most unfortunate that there is a deep-running current of suspicion that the people of this province are not being taken into confidence. If there are good reasons why this province cannot have its quota of hard coal this year, it will be safe to trust its people frankly with these reasons. In the second place even the most casual reader among our citizens has become aware that there are well-organized and elaborate propaganda being carried on urging the purchase and immediate storing of soft coal. In respect to this matter likewise there are many questions being asked which indicate doubts as to the forces behind the propaganda. Self-respecting citizens do not relish the idea of being stampeded into any course of action. Neither do they like to entertain the suspicion that there may be those who, for selfish purposes, would play upon the fears of their fellow citizens or even contribute to a fulfilment of the prophecies that there will be much suffering if the advice of the propagandists is not taken. If there is no selfish playing of Eastern interests against Western interests—if there is no ground for suspecting the manipulation of the profiteer—if all the advice that is being given and all the fears that are being raised are backed by unselfish intention, it is most unfortunate that the sources from which these instructions are coming are not more clearly seen and more fully known by the public in general."

3. It is said that our food controllers are either not free to act, or are failing to protect the common people from the extortions of the butchers and grocers and others of the kind. A recent investigation in Winnipeg shows a difference of forty per cent in prices charged for ordinary meats, and there is almost an equal difference in prices charged for other necessities. In other words it is said that those who stand between the farmer and the ultimate consumer are openly acting the part of robbers, and it will take some explaining to make many people who have large families believe anything else. It is little to the point for food controllers to say they are not concerned with protecting the common people, their duty is rather to see to it that all the food possible is made available for the Allies. Their work, they tell us, is to preach conservation and to encourage production. If this is so, then why has the government not done something to protect the common purchaser—the poor fellow who is living on salary? The manufacturer and his agents get almost twice the old price for nearly everything they sell, the farmers get twice the old price for wheat, meat and other produce, but the working man pays sixty per cent more than formerly for everything he buys and his salary is in many cases no larger than it was. There is such a strong feeling on this point that there is open rebellion manifesting itself in strikes and agitations. Truly some explaining has to be done before confidence will be restored.

There are other things like this being said on the streets and in private conversation all the time, and an answer must be given that will remove suspicion and hard feeling. The war has dealt kindly with the farmer, with the manufacturer of necessities, with the transportation companies, and with middlemen generally, but the poor fellow who has to live on his weekly salary of four years ago—well, he has waited so long for recognition that his patience is exhausted. This is what is being said on the streets. The people who are talking are no doubt in many cases fed by meddlesome agitators, but in other cases they are making deductions from their own experience, and have concluded they are not getting a square deal, and that is the real trouble. In the end it may be necessary to get rid of agitators just as we must get rid of profiteers. Confidence must be restored. The man in public life who can restore it will be our national savior.

A Dangerous Doctrine

SINCE the adoption of free schools, the course of studies followed by pupils has been open to constant attack. And rightly so. One writer has well expressed it by saying, "A changing civilization demands a changing form of culture."

One of the dangers to be avoided in making changes is that of following a low ideal. For instance, there will be some who think of school work merely as a means towards the development of power to earn money, while others even more at fault think of it as a means of securing polish or refinement which elevates the student socially above his fellows. As a matter of fact, all education must think of helping pupils to make the most of themselves, so that the community life will be ennobled and enriched. It must aim at physical, intellectual and moral betterment. The present tendency is to forget this and to aim at what is termed "practical efficiency." The cry is for boys and girls who can do things. To some it seems, of small account what boys and girls are in character and power of thought, if in the world struggle they can only "get there." Now this is wrong as wrong can be. The pupil is of more account than his work. The community spirit is of more importance than the community bank-balance. A school education which secures individual and community betterment will secure all other things. One cannot judge a school by its handwork, its sewing, its school gardens and the work that is being done in domestic science. These are all excellent, but they do not by any means comprise all that is excellent. To be able to read a book intelligently is as practical an acquisition as any of the things mentioned, even although book study is constantly belittled to-day. If one thinks over the things that count in the life of an individual to-day, he must put—not a lesser but a higher value on such things as power to think, good manner, right habits, power to sing, esthetic appreciation, ability to play fairly, and the like. And to-day as in the past ability to read, write and count are essential to the humblest education. The whole thing is summed up in the phrase—"People, not money."

The Senate

ISN'T it about time Canadians were giving some attention to that body of effete and moss-covered politicians which goes by the dignified name of the Senate? Isn't it about time we cast aside this relic of mediævalism? Here recently the Commons were favorable to the passing an act highly in the interest of Canada, and protective of young women. The age of consent was to have been raised two years. But what did the Senate do? Without argument and without consideration, except by a small committee, it cancelled the proposed legislation—thus setting its own will above that of the chosen representatives of the people. And this is but a sample of meddlesome interference. During the present session two other acts were rendered inoperative in the same way. This, however, is not the only evil of the Senate. If any one can show more than one really useful purpose it has ever served in Canadian legislation, he should name it. Now that we have Union Government, and that old-time politics have been discarded forever, why not let this encumbrance go too? As Canadians, we should begin to think a little.

Facts and Fancies

MANY of the reports that are allowed to filter through the censorship of the Central Powers, are not to be believed. The policy of the German is to tell the opposite of the truth in the hope that his enemy may be misled.

For instance, when Kuchlmann says that the hope of victory by the Allies is but a wild dream, we may be sure that he was never more afraid of the power that is being aligned against him than at this very minute. Also, when it is reported that Vienna is in turmoil, and that famine is stalking through the land, we are not certain but this is all part of a game to keep the Allies from exerting their full energy. And so it is all the way.

But there are some things that cannot be hidden. The great victory of Italy, the loss of 300,000 of the Austrian army, the staying of the great drive at the will of the Allied commander—all these are facts the world cannot misunderstand. There is no camouflage in such matters. The enemy is going downhill, and going fast. There was never more ground for optimism than now. But optimism of the right type is always conjoined with good hard work. So let us keep busy. The victory will come to those who have power to persevere.



Your skin needs special care in summer

to keep it soft, attractive, free from blackheads, blemishes and the coarsening caused by exposure

If summer sun and dust have begun to coarsen your skin, the special Woodbury treatment for this trouble will make it fine and soft again. For full directions for this treatment see the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

THINK how constantly your skin is exposed to sun and dust in summer. Strong sunlight coarsens its texture—irritating dust every day carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes.

Are you using the right cleansing method for your skin? Or the proper treatment to keep it fine in texture? You can live out-of-doors as much as you like, and yet keep your skin active, healthy, clear, radiant.

Take your hand mirror to the clear daylight, and examine your skin closely. See whether it is not already showing the effects of summer exposure.

If you find blackheads or blemishes, if your skin is beginning to grow coarse, begin at once to see what the right method of cleansing will do for it, and the proper treatment with a soap specially prepared to meet the needs of the skin.

Try this famous treatment for blackheads

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry the skin carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. Make it a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Treatments for all the common troubles of the skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 5c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 6208 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

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The "Zulu" Shop

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Charles Dorian



HY, you're a regular shinplaster fiend!" laughed the girl within the cashier's grille.

The young man addressed looked at her reprovingly, and then glancing behind to make sure that no one else waited, he confided:

"Your shinplasters have a quality all their own. I hope you'll continue to save them for me."

He was far from being the talkative sort—inclined rather to reticence, but this sunshiny girl with the candid brown eyes and glistening bronze hair made him talk.

It was only the third time he had asked her if she would exchange any shinplasters she might have for silver. Her predecessor knew his crotchet and saved the miniature bank notes for him as a matter of course. He did not invite familiarity, and she was indifferent to one of his shy manners and odd habits. He was a regular patron of the Elite Cafe, and had seen many types of cashiers in his time.

Shirley Rodgers showed interest as well as amusement, which seemed to rub off some of the hesitancy in the regular customer's manner, for he stayed at her desk long enough to explain his predilection for tiny bank notes. As a boy he saved postage stamps, cancelled and current; now it was shinplasters. They are quite valid exchange in the country in which he was born and in the city in which he idled with his hobby and his books.

Shirley Rodgers was born in Canada, too, but she had worked long enough in New York to acquire a flippancy of tongue and an alertness born of facing people who needs must talk to live.

"It's a nice fad," she admitted to him, and this so touched his vanity, much though it seemed that he was devoid of any, that he grinned broadly. "But poor business," she added, to his intense amusement.

He was loath to leave this little minx who showed so much shrewdness beyond her years. He was not so sullen as to accept the quip with glum silence and depart; rather would he have jumped behind the grille and shaken, or hugged her. Never playful from childhood, the spirit of sport awakened in him as he listened to the bantering of this bell-voiced sybil.

"I don't pretend to know a thing about business," he said. "Why should I? I've always been too lazy to work, have access to a lot of interesting books, and am saving shinplasters for a rainy day. What better business could a man like I am wish?" he challenged.

"Make the shinplasters work," she retorted. He was at that moment forced to make way for another: no man has a monopoly at a cashier's desk.

Morley Brandon did not find it easy to concentrate his studious mind upon the columns of his cyclopedia. It was not that the species of thrift promulgated by the pretty cashier demanded his serious thought. He had been told by broad-minded men of business without batting an eye that he was a fool not to turn over his money.

It was the fluffy hair with the copper glare to it, the fresh cheeks that bespoke a clear, clean mind and good blood, the teeth that did not owe their whiteness to the scouring properties of chewing gum, the trim figure, the dainty feet and hands—the whole exquisite personality of the girl that troubled him with delicious delight and put deep thinking to hazardous flight.

Had his apartment in the "Jungfrau," marble-lined, modern pension, faced the street on which the Elite stood instead of the street at right angles to it, he would have been compelled to draw the curtains to see if she were still there. It would have betrayed the first inclination to influence of any kind not occasioned by the reading of books or the filing of shinplasters.

He spent the evening in luxurious dreaming until sleep came and, paradoxically, chased the dreams away. He had learned nothing new that evening, as in the evenings preceding; what he learned was older than books, older than coinage. The glory that spells life, the drop of water to the parched throat, slumber to a tired body were nothing to the singing that soothed, yet stirred, his soul.

She greeted him with a cheery "Good morning!" as he passed in. Two others

had preceded him; three more followed. He timed his breakfast tactfully to leave his table as those in ahead of him passed out, so as to allow a reasonable interval before the later arrivals could finish.

There was a small foyer between the desk and the first row of tables which gave to the cashier's corner near the window a privacy agreeable to her, and which enabled her to handle a crowd with the least discomfort to them.

She was looking out of the window idly when Brandon came along. He did not have to cough or rattle a coin to attract her: no matter how apparently preoccupied Shirley Rodgers was she was ever ready to attend to the Elite's patrons. She looked up quickly as he reached the grille's embrasure and started to thumb over shinplasters, remarking as she made change:

"I was just noticing how extravagant they are in this city."

"Extravagant!" he repeated. "It has often occurred to me, on the contrary, how modestly conservative they are."

"Well, if you want an example, just look across the street," she nodded.

He looked. "I don't see anything unusual," he admitted. "The big apartment house is put up in good taste, and the bank next it is a model of simple architecture; the street is well paved and clean, the sidewalks, too. The people are plainly dressed—why, where is the extravagance?"



One of the British giant guns that have been instrumental in checking the German offensive on the western front. A gun of this type is used only for long range work, and can be fired about fifteen miles. They are placed far in the rear of the infantry, and the only danger of its being destroyed lies in enemy aircraft or should the enemy long range guns locate its base. The shells, presumably eight-inch, are also in the picture.

"Why, that vacant lot between the apartment house and the bank," she pointed out.

"Vacant lot!" he laughed. "That gap is only ten feet wide."

"And ten feet in the heart of this city is some money," she replied. "If I had it I'd open up a shop right there. All it wants is a glass front, a roof, and a wall at the back, then interior fixings. The rest of it is already built."

He smiled at her acumen.

"You have a gift of picking out values, I must confess," he praised. "I wonder what business you would start over there—a candy shop, I'll wager!"

"You've guessed it," she said, her eyes snapping delightedly. "I'd sell nothing but high-grade chocolates of entirely one brand. I've the best recipe ever—but I'm only dreaming. Wake me up—I'm cashier at the Elite, with as much prospect of opening a candy shop on Yonge street as buying in the next British war loan."

Morley suddenly became a man of action. He made his way to the architect who had designed the "Jungfrau." He told him a little story of a vacant lot. The architect smiled.

"You've listened to some hard-headed business man at last," Brandon heard Judson, the peer of architects, say. He nodded cryptically.

"It's not a matter of business. I want to have a one-storey shop and candy kitchen combined squeezed into that gap you have so often quizzed me about. I want to make a present of it to some one who wants that particular kind of shop on that particular site."

"Well, well, Brandon; that's in line with your character, I'll admit. I was hoping you had come to an arrangement to make that lot pay its taxes."

"But I don't have to, Judson, not yet. You know my policy, if anybody does. It costs me just a certain amount to live, and enjoy life my own way. When my old dad sold the bank site and the 'Jungfrau' site, he purposely left that gap as a legacy to me. He lived comfortably and has left me enough to live comfortably for a long time, too. I've no one to enrich when I die, so I'm not worrying about making what I have earn more. I want to spend it all. Then, when it's all gone, there's the 'gap.' My poor old dad sold the whole block for what that little gap would bring to-day. It pays its own taxes in the increased increment year by year. I never before thought of putting a shop on it, but if you say it can be done, it shall be."

Judson shook his head. "You're incorrigible! But what do you say if I make it a two-storey building, so that some day if you cared to do so, you could take up your apartments there."

"Just as you like, Judson, just as you like. But start it quick. I want to see a load of brick or something on the ground by noon. And, by the way, have you any shinplasters?"

Judson grinned as he handed over a small wad of them, taking full-sized currency for them.

Shirley ill-concealed her surprise when she noted activity on the vacant lot before that day was done. She remarked about

yours but the business, and you will let me buy it from you out of what I earn over and above expenses?"

"Right," he confirmed. "Now, you may start any time to buy sugar!"

But her first purchase was a number of neatly printed cards announcing the opening of the "Zulu Shop." These she handed to the patrons of the Elite during the last week of her stay there.

She taught one of her friends, Rita Simpson, the secret of making the fattest chocolate drops with the whitest centers and the blackest bitter-sweet chocolate coating. These "Zulus" were delicious beyond praise. The specialty was well designed and people were attracted by the white gloss-paper boxes, with deep brown lettering, tied with deep brown ribbon, and though the weight was but twelve ounces net and the price a dollar a box, she sold all she could make. By midsummer she had increased sales so that she had to employ two helpers in the kitchen.

The attractive window brought customers; the confections themselves held them, but there were dull times in every business which had to be bridged by special advertising. Shirley's genius had kept the business going as if there were no dull times—until an accident happened.

She had put on the third helper, who proved to be a girl of more comeliness than wit. This was proved by her glancing into a mirror as she passed carrying a kettle of hot fondant to a table for cooling. Shirley had gone to the kitchen for a few minutes' supervision, and the girl ran blindly into her, the scalding fondant dripping onto her hand and instep, causing her immediate removal to the hospital.

Morley Brandon did not hear of it until he saw her pretty understudy behind the counter and inquired for Shirley.

"She's at the General Hospital—burnt," said Rita, succinctly.

Morley was off to the hospital as fast as he could secure a box of "Zulus" and an armful of flowers.

The matron did not wish to admit any one. As an argument she gave Morley his best excuse for insisting upon seeing her:

"She thinks she can manage to look after the store and we wish to influence her against it. Her hand and instep are severely burned, and while she might get around she would risk having scars. If she stays here a few weeks that will be avoided."

"She'll stay—I'll arrange that nicely," promised Morley.

He found her sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, her right hand and right foot swathed in bandages. He drew a chair close to hers.

"Oh, I'm glad you came," she greeted him. "You'll be able to get me out of here. I don't know why they brought me here; a doctor could have done all that was necessary in a few minutes, and left me where I was. I'm perfectly able to work."

"I'm glad you feel that way about it, but it will be better to stay here for awhile. That Miss Simpson whom you left in charge can do very nicely. I'm sorry to see you laid up," he went on, picking up her bandaged hand, gently. "There is one consolation: that burn could not possibly have been a big one."

Her face, all too pale from pain, became faintly suffused with rose. She smiled.

"It's worth being 'wounded' to hear you say nice things," she said. He bowed his head and touched her fingers with his lips.

"Shirley," he said, his voice pregnant with emotion, "you are the sweetest girl in the world. I would rather have you than all I have deemed worth while. I want to marry you. Can you accept a prosaic man like me?"

For answer her head dropped against his arm. He kissed her silky hair, her half-closed eyes, and her parted lips with an ecstasy that surprised himself.

"Morley, dear," she breathed in his sleeve, "how can I get clothes for the wedding if I am to stay here?"

"Clothes!" he exclaimed, as if nothing had been farther from his thoughts. "Why, get the nurse to telephone all the stores with which you want to deal, and they'll send up salespeople, I'm sure," he offered as the most plausible answer.

"And I'd like to see Niagara again and show you to the folks on the old homestead in the fruit district," she babbled.

it to Brandon in a spare moment of the dinner-time rush.

"Yes," he acknowledged, languidly. "You have to give them time to overcome extravagances."

He managed after that to come and go with the crowd, sparing only a moment at the desk to get his favorite change and exchange smiles. Such stoic forbearance could not last long, and one evening he chose a leisure hour for his supper and lingered at the desk.

"Oh, Mr. Brandon," she trilled, "I'm dying to know who's building across the street, and what it's going to be!"

"Millinery shop, I guess," he evaded.

"But whose?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yours," he said, dropping his equivocal manner, and looking straight at her with candid eyes. "Yours, my dear Miss Rodgers, as long as you have a hat to hang there."

"You're kidding," she began—then, as if suddenly enlightened: "Mr. Brandon, do you mean that you own that lot and that you've put up that shop for me? You do! You did! I know it, because I peeped in yesterday noon, and it's all fitted with candy kettles in the kitchen, and—and, oh, it's the sweetest store in the world."

"Not yet, but will be," he smiled, "and now, to put it in downright terms, it's up to you, little lady, to make good."

"But I must start on a business basis," she demurred.

"That's easy. Just consider it a loan to be paid back to my credit in the People's Bank out of the candy profits."

"That's nice of you. Everything is

The Pimienta Pancakes

By O. Henry

"Fine!" he laughed. "Now, I must go and visit the bank before it closes."

"You can stay at least another minute," she begged, snuggling closer to him.

The bank closed without the proposed visit that day, but he was there as soon as the doors opened next morning. He wrote out a cheque for a generous amount which, somehow, did not "come across" with the usual dispatch. There was a whispered conference between the teller and ledger-keeper, and the money was at length paid over with the polite reminder that the account was slightly overdrawn.

Morley took the information with a little gasp, expressing incredulity. He had expected nothing like it, and thought there surely must be some mistake. When, however, he had looked over the credits in his bank book, he saw that the outfitting of the little shop in the "gap" had been really a costly undertaking.

The next three weeks were full of joyous activity, then the day of days, and Niagara. Never had the Falls looked so idyllic in their majesty, never the scent of growing things so sensuous. The air was full of song and spray. All was gorgeous and refreshing. Why Niagara must always be the paradise of brides is best known after once seen. Certain it is that the charm of the dashing waterfall, the beauty of the surrounding parks and the lure of leafy ambuscades excite the ecstatic vanities of the human heart.

"It's so lovely," whispered Shirley. "If the Falls could hear all the nice things said about them they'd roll back with vanity. But, Morley, dear, we mustn't stay much longer: I'm tingling to get back to the little shop."

"We can't stay here forever, Shirley, girly," he responded, "and we can come again and again, so if you wish to go back to the sweetest little store in the world, I'm willing."

He did not state that if they had stayed another day he would have the amusing experience of spending shipplasters. In fact, he actually tipped the porter with one.

"Morley!" gasped Shirley. "Whatever did you do that for?"

"I've too many of them," he explained. "I think I've cornered the shipplaster market."

"Morley, dear, is this the 'rainy day'?" she asked, anxiously.

"I'm afraid I have to make a few of them work," he laughed.

They found the "Zulus" were barely paying expenses. Rita Simpson had managed well, but she lacked Shirley's genius for selling. Morley found it expedient to transfer his belongings from the "Jungfrau" to the apartments above the store. Thus was one expense cut.

But the business had to pay, and it was Shirley's deep concern to make it pay.

"I have it," she announced, briskly. "All stores have their special sales in dull times. Let us have a 'Shipplaster Sale!'"

"And deprive me of my hobby?" he teased. "You may sell them all if you wish, but I don't think you'll make a nickel out of them," he laughed.

"Oh, I don't mean to sell them, goose! I mean to give them away as premiums!" she elucidated. "We'll offer to sell our dollar boxes of 'Zulus' for seventy-five cents worth of shipplasters."

"That's fine business—since you've all the shipplasters in the city."

"Oh, I don't mean to be unreasonable," she explained. "We'll offer to give one shipplaster with every box sold at the regular dollar price. In that way one can acquire shipplasters—and buy more chocolates with them. We'll put ads. in the papers telling of the advantages of having shipplasters for making small remittances by mail, no war tax, and so forth. Everybody expects to spend a dollar for chocolates, and when it is known that a twenty-five cent shipplaster goes with it, we'll have to double our forces to handle the crowds. Watch! The offer to give a box of chocolates for three shipplasters will appeal to the sporting element and others who have no special use for the handy little bills."

"Shirley, you're not only the sweetest girl in the world, but the brainiest. Any other girl would have taken a big risk in marrying me," said Morley, solemnly.

"I'd like to see any other girl marry you!" Shirley tossed back, and held her pouting lips up to his for the treatment more palatable than praise.

"The 'gap' without Shirley would always be a gap: with her it proved to be a mine.

W

HILE we were rounding up a bunch of the Triangle-O cattle in the Frio bottoms a projecting branch of a dead mesquite caught my wooden stirrup, and gave my ankle a wrench that laid me up in camp for a week.

On the third day of my compulsory idleness I crawled out near the grub wagon, and reclined helpless under the conversational fire of Judson Odum, the camp cook. Jud was a monologist by nature, whom Destiny, with customary blundering, had set in a profession wherein he was bereaved, for the greater portion of his time, of an audience.

Therefore, I was manna in the desert of Jud's obmutescence.

Betimes I was stirred by invalid longings for something to eat that did not come under the caption of "grub." I had visions of the maternal pantry "deep as first love, and wild with all regret," and then I asked:

"Jud, can you make pancakes?"

Jud laid down his six-shooter, with which he was preparing to pound an antelope steak, and stood over me in what I felt to be a menacing attitude. He further indorsed my impression that his pose was resentful by fixing me with his light blue eyes a look of cold suspicion.

"Say, you," he said, with candid, though not excessive choler, "did you mean that straight, or was you trying to throw the gaff into me? Some of the boys been telling you about me and that pancake racket?"

"No, Jud," I said, sincerely, "I meant

digging my spurs into the side of the counter and working with my twenty-four-inch spoon when I happened to look out of the window into the yard of Uncle Emsley's house, which was next to the store.

"There was a girl standing there—an imported girl with fixings on—philandering with a croquet maul and amusing herself by watching my style of encouraging the fruit canning industry.

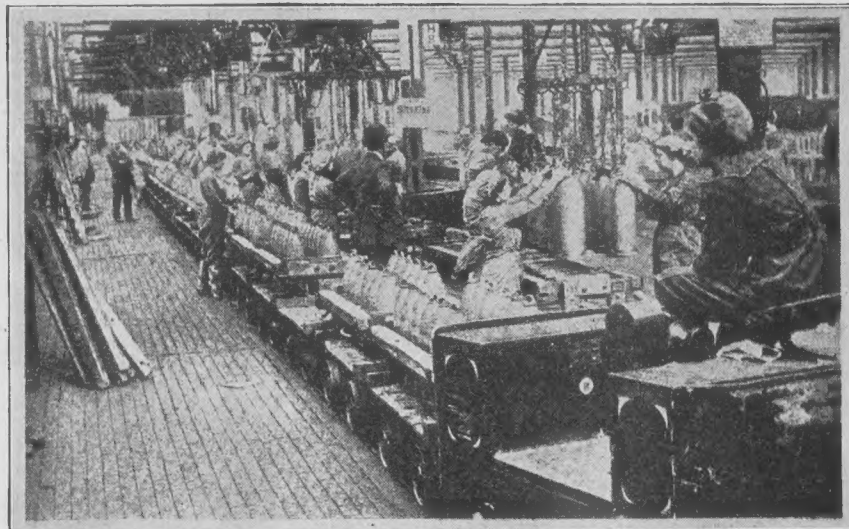
"I slid off the counter and delivered up my shovel to Uncle Emsley.

"That's my niece," says he; 'Miss Willella Learight, down from Palestine on a visit. Do you want that I should make you acquainted?'

"The Holy Land," I says to myself, my thoughts milling some as I tried to run them into the corral. 'Why not? There was sure angels in Pales— Why, yes, Uncle Emsley,' I says out loud, 'I'd be awful edified to meet Miss Learight.'

"So Uncle Emsley took me out in the yard and gave us each other's entitlements.

"I never was shy about women. I never could understand why some men who can break a mustang before breakfast and shave in the dark, get all left-handed and full of perspiration and excuses when they see a bolt of calico draped around what belongs in it. Inside of eight minutes me and Miss Willella was aggravating the croquet balls around as amiable as second cousins. She gave me a dig about the quantity of canned fruit I had eaten, and I got back at her, flat-footed, about how a certain lady named Eve started the



At work in the department of an English munition factory.

it. It seems to me I'd swap my pony and saddle for a stack of buttered brown pancakes with some first crop, open kettle New Orleans sweetening. Was there a story about pancakes?"

Jud was mollified at once when he saw that I had not been dealing in allusions. He brought some mysterious bags and tin boxes from the grub wagon and set them in the shade of the hackberry where I lay reclined. I watched him as he began to arrange them leisurely and unite their many strings.

"No, not a story," said Jud, as he worked, "but just the logical disclosures in the case of me and that pink-eyed snoozer from Mired Mule Canada and Miss Willella Learight. I don't mind telling you.

"I was punching then for Old Bill Toomey, on the San Miguel. One day I gets all ensnared up in aspirations for to eat some canned grub that hasn't ever mooded or baed or grunted or been in peck measures. So, I gets on my brone and pushes the wind for Uncle Emsley Telfair's store at the Pimienta Crossing on the Nueces.

"About three in the afternoon I throwed my bridle rein over a mesquite limb, and walked the last twenty yards into Uncle Emsley's store. I got up on the counter and told Uncle Emsley that the signs pointed to the devastation of the fruit crop of the world. In a minute I had a bag of crackers and a long-handled spoon, with an open can each of apricots and pineapples and cherries and green gages beside me, with Uncle Emsley busy chopping away with the hatchet at the yellow clings. I was feeling like Amas before the apple stampede, and was

fruit trouble in the first free-grass pasture —'Over in Palestine, wasn't it?' says I as easy and pat as roping a one-year-old.

"That was how I acquired cordiality for the proximities of Miss Willella Learight; and the disposition grew larger as time passed. She was stopping at Pimienta Crossing for her health, which was very good, and for the climate, which was forty per cent hotter than Palestine. I rode over to see her once every week for a while; and then I figured it out that if I doubled the number of trips I would see her twice as often.

"One week I slipped in a third trip; and that's where the pancakes and the pink-eyed snoozer busted into the game.

"That evening, while I set on the counter with a peach and two damsons in my mouth, I asked Uncle Emsley how Miss Willella was.

"Why," says Uncle Emsley, 'she's gone riding with Jackson Bird, the sheep man from over at Mired Mule Canada.'

"I swallowed the peach seed and the two damson seeds. I guess somebody held the counter by the bridle while I got off; and then I walked out straight ahead till I butted against the mesquite where my roan was tied.

"She's gone riding," I whispers in my brone's ear, 'with Birdstone Jack, the hired mule from Sheep Man's Canada. Did you get that, old Leather-and-Gallops?'

"That brone of mine wept, in his way. He'd been raised a cow pony and he didn't care for snoozers.

"I went back and said to Uncle Emsley: 'Did you say a sheep man?'

"I said a sheep man," says Uncle again. 'You must have heard tell of

Jackson Bird. He's got eight sections o grazing and four thousand head of the finest Cotswolds south of the Arctic Circle.'

"I went out and sat on the ground in the shade of the store and leaned against a prickly pear. I sifted sand into my boots with unthinking hands while I soliloquized a quantity about this bird with the Jackson plumage to his name.

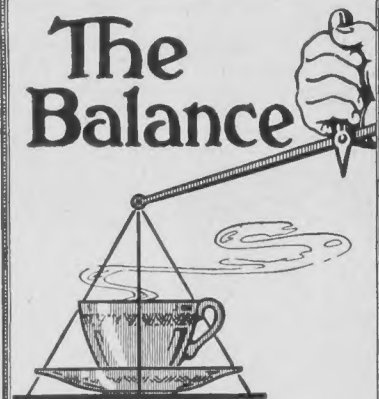
"I never had believed in harming sheep men. I see one, one day, reading a Latin grammar on hossback, and I never touched him! They never irritated me like they do most cowmen. You wouldn't go to work now, and impair and disfigure snoozers, would you, that eat on tables and wear little shoes and speak to you on subjects? I had always let 'em pass, just as you would a jack-rabbit; with a polite word and a guess about the weather, but no stopping to swap canteens. I never thought it was worth while to be hostile with a snoozer. And because I'd been lenient and let 'em live, here was one going around riding with Miss Willella Learight!

"An hour by sun they come loping back, and stopped at Uncle Emsley's gate. The sheep person helped her off; and they stood throwing each other sentences all sprightly and sagacious for a while. And then this feathered Jackson flies up in his saddle and raises his little stewpot of a hat, and trots off in the direction of his mutton ranch. By this time I had turned the sand out of my boots and unpinned myself from the prickly pear; and by the time he gets half a mile out of Pimienta, I singlefoots up beside him on my brone.

"I said that snoozer was pink-eyed, but he wasn't. His seeing arrangement was gray enough, but his eyelashes was pink and his hair was sandy, and that gave you the idea. Sheep man?—he wasn't more than a lamb man, anyhow—a little thing with his neck involved in a yellow silk handkerchief, and shoes tied up in bow-knots.

"'Afternoon! says I to him. 'You now ride with an equestrian who is commonly called Dead-Moral-Certainty Judson, on account of the way I shoot. When I want a stranger to know me I always introduce myself before the draw, for I never did like to shake hands with ghosts.'

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"Ah," says he, just like that— 'Ah, I'm glad to know you, Mr. Judson. I'm Jackson Bird, from over at Mired Mule Ranch.'

"Just then one of my eyes saw a road-runner skipping down the hill with a young tarantula in his bill, and the other eye noticed a rabbit-hawk sitting on a dead limb in a water-elm. I popped over one after the other with my forty-five, just to show him. 'Two out of three,' says I. 'Birds just naturally seem to draw my fire wherever I go.'

"Nice shooting," says the sheep man, without a flutter. 'But don't you sometimes ever miss the third shot? Elegant fine rain that was last week for the young grass, don't you think, Mr. Judson?' says he.

"Willie," says I, riding over close to his palfrey, 'your infatuated parents may have denounced you by the name of Jackson, but you sure molted into a twittering Willie—let us slough off this here analysis of rain and the elements, and get down to talk that is outside the vocabulary of parrots. That is a bad habit you have got of riding with young ladies over at Pimienta. I've known birds,' says I, 'to be served on toast for less than that. Miss Willella,' says I, 'don't ever want any nest made out of sheep's wool by a tomtit of the Jacksonian branch of ornithology. Now, are you going to quit, or do you wish for to gallop up against this Dead-Moral-Certainty attachment to my name, which is good for two hyphens and at least one set of funeral obsequies?'

"Jackson Bird flushed up some, and then he laughed.

similitude— 'than the desire to procure a copy of the pancake recipe,' he finishes.

"You ain't such a bad little man," says I, trying to be fair. 'I was thinking some of making orphans of your sheep, but I'll let you fly away this time. But you stick to pancakes,' says I, 'as close as the middle one of a stack; and don't go and mistake sentiments for syrup, or there'll be singing at your ranch, and you won't hear it.'

"To convince you that I am sincere," says the sheep man, 'I'll ask you to help me. Miss Learight and you being closer friends, maybe she would do for you what she wouldn't for me. If you will get me a copy of that pancake recipe, I give you my word that I'll never call upon her again.'

"That's fair," I says, and I shook hands with Jackson Bird. 'I'll get it for you if I can, and glad to oblige.' And he turned off down the big pear flat on the Piedra, in the direction of Mired Mule; and I steered northwest for old Bill Toomey's ranch.

"It was five days afterward when I got another chance to ride over to Pimienta. Miss Willella and me gassed a gratifying evening at Uncle Emsley's. She sang some, and exasperated the piano quite a lot with quotations from the operas. I gave imitations of a rattlesnake, and told her about Snaky McFee's new way of skinning cows, and described the trip I made to Saint Louis once. We was getting along in one another's estimations fine. Thinks I, if Jackson Bird can now be persuaded to migrate, I win. I recollect his promise about the pancake receipt

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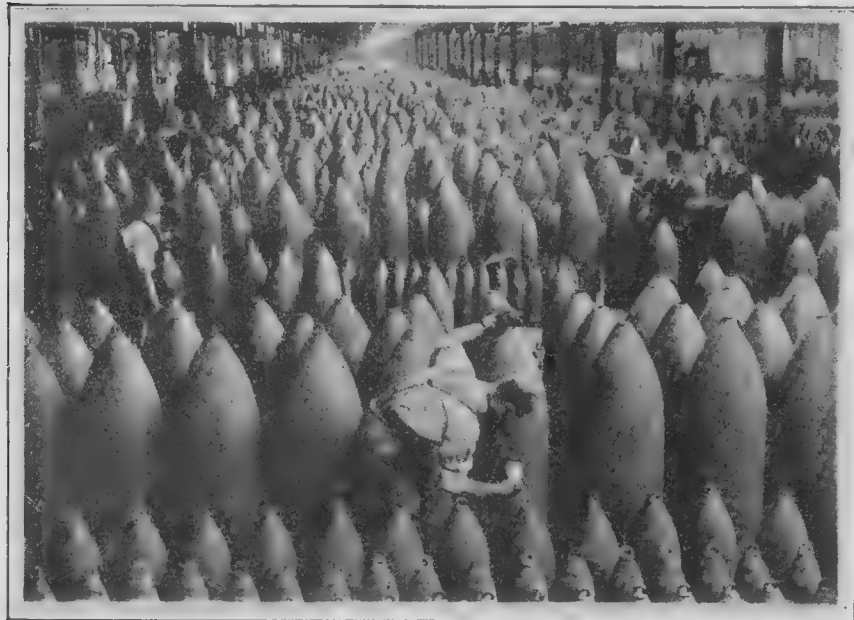
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"Why, Mr. Judson," says he, 'you've got the wrong idea. I've called on Miss Learight a few times; but not for the purpose you imagine. My object is purely a gastronomical one.'

"I reached for my gun.

"Any coyote," says I, "that would boast of dishonorable—"

"Wait a minute," says this Bird, 'till I explain. What would I do with a wife? If you ever saw that ranch of mine! I do my own cooking and mending. Eating—that's all the pleasure I get out of sheep raising. Mr. Judson, did you ever taste the pancakes that Miss Learight makes?'

"Me? No," I told him. 'I never was advised that she was up to any culinary manoeuvres.'

"They're golden sunshine," says he; 'honey-browned by the ambrosial fires of Epicurus. I'd give two years of my life to get the recipe for making them pancakes. That's what I went to see Miss Learight for,' says Jackson Bird, 'but I haven't been able to get it from her. It's an old recipe that's been in the family for seventy-five years. They hand it down from one generation to another, but they don't give it away to outsiders. If I could get that recipe, so I could make them pancakes for myself on my ranch, I'd be a happy man,' says Bird.

"Are you sure," I says to him, 'that it ain't the hand that mixes the pancakes that you're after?'

"Sure," says Jackson. 'Miss Learight is a mighty nice girl, but I can assure you my intentions go no further than the gastro—' but he seen my hand going down to my holster and he changed his

and I thinks I will persuade it from Miss Willella and give it to him; and then if I catches Birdie off of Mired Mule again, I'll make him hop the twig.

"So, along about ten o'clock, I put on a wheedling smile and says to Miss Willella: 'Now, if there's anything I do like better than the sight of a red steer on green grass, it's the taste of a nice hot pancake smothered in sugar-house molasses.'

"Miss Willella gave a little jump on the piano stool, and looked at me curious.

"Yes," says she, 'they're real nice. What did you say was the name of that street in Saint Louis, Mr. Odum, where you lost your hat?'

"Pancake Avenue," says I, with a wink, to show her that I was on about the family receipt and couldn't be side-corralled off of the subject. 'Come, now, Miss Willella,' I says; 'let's hear how you make 'em. Pancakes is just whirling in my head like wagon wheels. Start her off, now—pound of flour, eight dozen eggs, and so on. How does the catalogue of constituents run?'

"Excuse me for a moment, please," says Miss Willella, and she gives me a quick kind of sideways look, and slides off the stool. She ambled into the other room, and directly Uncle Emsley comes in in his shirt sleeves, with a pitcher of water. He turns around to get a glass on the table, and I see a forty-five in his hip pocket. 'Great post-holes!' thinks I, 'but here's a family thinks a heap of cooking receipts, protecting it with firearms. I've known outfits that wouldn't do that much by a family feud.'

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POWDERS

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"Drink this here down," says Uncle Emsley, handing me the glass of water. "You've rid too far to-day, Jud, and got yourself over-excited. Try to think about something else now."

"Do you know how to make them pancakes, Uncle Emsley?" I asked.

"Well, I'm not as apprized in the anatomy of them as some," says Uncle Emsley, "but I reckon you take a sifter of plaster of paris and a little dough and saleratus and corn meal, and mix 'em with eggs and buttermilk as usual. Is old Bill going to ship beeves to Kansas City again this spring, Jud?"

"That was all the pancake specifications I could get that night. I didn't wonder that Jackson Bird found it uphill work. So I dropped the subject and talked with Uncle Emsley a while about hollow-corn and cyclones. And then Miss Willella came and said 'good night,' and I hit the breeze for the ranch."

"About a week afterwards, I met Jackson Bird riding out of Pimienta as I rode in, and we stopped in the road for a few frivolous remarks."

"Got the bill of particulars for them flapjacks yet?" I asked him.

"Well, no," says Jackson. "I don't seem to have any success in getting hold of it. Did you try?"

"I did," says I, "and 'twas like trying to dig a prairie dog out of his hole with a peanut hull. That pancake receipt must be a jookalorum, the way they hold on to it."

"I'm most ready to give it up," says Jackson, so discouraged in his pronunciations that I felt sorry for him; "but I did want to know how to make them pancakes to eat on my lonely ranch," says he. "I lie awake of nights thinking how good they are."

"You keep on trying for it," I tells him, "and I'll do the same. One of us is bound to get a rope over its horns before long. Well, so-long, Jackey."

"You see, by this time we was on the peaceffullest of terms. When I saw that he wasn't after Miss Willella I had more endurable contemplations of that sand-haired snoozer. In order to help out the ambitions of his appetite I kept on trying to get that receipt from Miss Willella. But every time I would say 'pancakes' she would get sort of remote and fidgety about the eye, and try to change the subject. If I held her to it she would slide out and round up Uncle Emsley with his pitcher of water and hip-pocket howitzer."

"One day I galloped over to the store with a fine bunch of blue verbenas that I cut out of a herd of wild flowers over on Poisoned Dog Prairie. Uncle Emsley looked at 'em with one eye shut and says: 'Haven't ye heard the news?'"

"Cattle up?" I asks.

"Willella and Jackson Bird was married in Palestine yesterday," says he. "Just got a letter this morning."

"I dropped them flowers in a cracker barrel, and let the news trickle in my ears and down toward my upper left-hand shirt pocket until it got to my feet."

"Would you mind saying that over again once more, Uncle Emsley?" says I. "Maybe my hearing has got wrong, an you only said that prime heifers was 4.80 on the hoof, or something like that."

"Married yesterday," says Uncle Emsley, "and gone to Waco and Niagara Falls on a wedding tour. Why, didn't you see none of the signs all along? Jackson Bird has been courting Willella ever since that day he took her out riding."

"Then," says I, in a kind of yell, "what was all this zezzaparoola he give me about pancakes? Tell me that."

"When I said 'pancakes' Uncle Emsley sort of dodged and stepped back."

"Somebody's been dealing me pancakes from the bottom of the deck," I says, "and I'll find out. I believe you know. Talk up," says I, "or we'll mix a panful of batter right here."

"I slid over the counter after Uncle Emsley. He grabbed at his gun, but it was in a drawer, and he missed it two inches. I got him by the front of his shirt and shoved him in a corner."

"Talk pancakes," says I, "or be made into one. Does Miss Willella make 'em?"

"She never made one in her life, and I never saw one," says Uncle Emsley, soothing. "Calm down, now, Jud—calm down. You've got excited, and that wound in your head is contaminating your sense of intelligence. Try not to think about pancakes."

"Uncle Emsley," says I, "I'm not wounded in the head except so far as my

natural cogitative instincts run to runts. Jackson Bird told me he was calling on Miss Willella for the purpose of finding out her system of producing pancakes, and he asked me to help him get the bill of lading of the ingredients. I done so, with the results as you see. Have I been soddled down with Johnson grass by a pink-eyed snoozer, or what?"

"Slack up your grip on my dress shirt," says Uncle Emsley, "and I'll tell you. Yes, it looks like Jackson Bird has gone and humbugged you some. The day after he went riding with Willella, he came back and told me and her to watch out for you whenever you got to talking about pancakes. He said you was in camp once where they was cooking flapjacks, and one of the fellows cut you over the head with a frying pan. Jackson said that whenever you got overhot or excited, that wound hurt you and made you kind of crazy, and you went to raving about pancakes. He told us to just get you worked off of the subject and soothed down, and you wouldn't be dangerous. So, me and Willella done the best by you we knew how. Well, well," says Uncle Emsley, "that Jackson Bird is sure a seldom kind of a snoozer."

During the progress of Jud's story he had been slowly but deftly combining certain portions of the contents of his sacks and cans. Toward the close of it he set before me the finished product—a pair of red-hot, rich-hued pancakes on a tin plate. From some secret hoarding place he also brought a lump of excellent butter and a bottle of golden syrup.

"How long ago did these things happen?" I asked him.

"Three years," said Jud. "They're living on the Mired Mule Ranch now. But I haven't seen either of 'em since."

"Did you make these cakes by the famous recipe?" I asked.

"Didn't I tell you there wasn't no receipt?" said Jud. "The boys hollered pancakes till they got pancake hungry, and I cut this receipt out of a newspaper. How does the truck taste?"

"They're delicious," I answered. "Why don't you have some too, Jud?"

I was sure I heard a sigh.

"Me?" said Jud. "I don't never 'eat 'em."

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Wedded to His Work

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by Marvin Leslie Hayward

TO the weary men in the front line trenches the brief period of daylight appeared inordinately short, and the sun, according to Corporal Pet Brewer, "if ye could possibly get a squint at it ought to be at least an axe handle high"; but the eventide falls fast in Flanders where the drama of the ages is being played on a stage of blood for the benefit of the neutral manufacturing nations, and the murky twilight had dropped like a black pall over the Canadian trenches. Several miles to the rear a hundred sabres of flame stabbed the inky night, as the field artillery roared out their diapason of death.

The "star shells" flashed across the sky; and the indescribable hum of battle rose like an incense to Mars. The transports and ambulances passed and repassed with their burdens of life and death; and the voices of Weldon's Engineers, or the "Monquat Rangers" as they were commonly called, rolled back from the front trench to the dugout where Blaine and Arthur Broderick, as the latter was wont to declare, "lived the life of angleworms and would die the death of rats."

The Rangers were singing their official marching song—the production of some rural New Brunswick Milton, and the doggerel chorus rang out lustily between the roars of the big guns.

"And Weldon he says,
'Get out of the Path,
Of the bullies of Bristol,
And the sluggers from Bath.'"

Blaine smoked away impassively, but Broderick twisted nervously, and broke into complaining speech.

"How can the poor beggars sing, I'd like to know," he demanded. "Good Lord; the sun hasn't shone for four weeks, and the mud's deeper than Trousers Lake."

"Haven't they as much to live for as any of us?" replied Blaine.

Broderick dug fiercely at a mud laden puttee, and cursed after the manner of the English in Flanders in the days of the great and original Churchill.

"Speak for yourself; but it's not saying much as far as I'm concerned," he added.

Blaine placed his pipe on the bench beside him and gazed at his brother Lieutenant in frank surprise.

"And I always fancied that Elsie cared for you," he exclaimed impulsively.

It was Broderick's turn to look surprised.

"How did you know I loved her?" he demanded.

"When one is in love himself he is pretty keen on noticing such things," was the calm reply.

"In love himself," repeated Broderick, a wave of understanding lighting up his gloomy countenance. "But do you mean to tell me that you have been my rival for the past four years and I never knew it?"

Blaine was gazing into the bowl of his depleted "corncob," and nodded gravely; while both men fell to industriously replenishing their empty pipes, an em-

barrassed silence filling in the intervals of the "Rangers" song.

"I don't suppose there's any more chance of getting the mail this week than there is of the war closing in 1920,"

declared Broderick, shifting the discussion into the one subject of perennial interest.

Blaine did not have time to follow the convenient lead. Sergeant Sipprell pushed his broad shoulders through the narrow

door and flung a batch of Canadian mail on the rickety table.

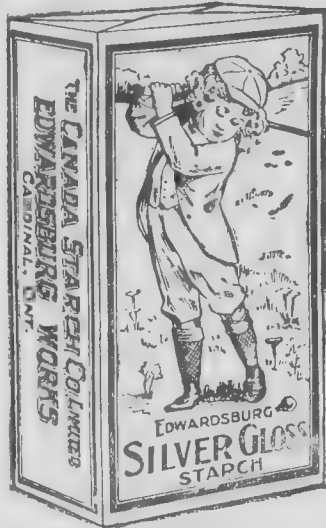
Both of the men made a dash for it as if it were a German trench, sorted out their own letters, and tore them open.

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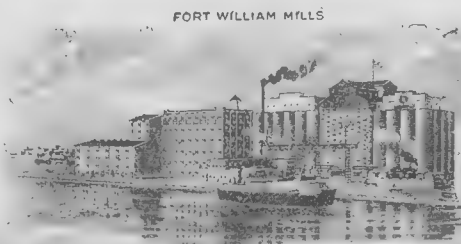
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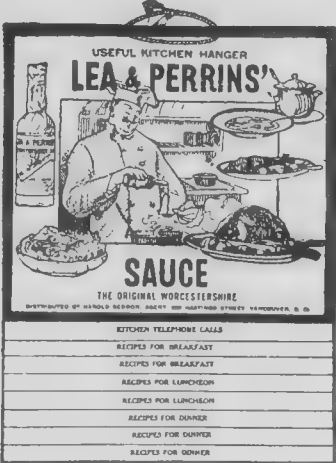
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Blaine read the opening lines of the first letter he opened, and his bronzed face grew rigid.

"No, my dear friend," he read, "I cannot answer your question in the way you would like, and it is unfair not to tell you. Not that I don't admire you as a friend, but I could never care for you in that way and I could never marry you—never."

"I could really care for you more than I am willing to admit if I would let myself; but I am afraid—and because I am afraid I will not permit myself to wreck both our lives. And my reasons for feeling that way about it will probably appeal to you as a very fanciful one; but to me it is very real and tangible."

"It is simply this—that you are so absorbed in your profession and so taken up with your work that in time I would become a mere secondary consideration. Don't shake your head and say 'nonsense,' for I know, my dear friend. While other wives might fear the power of the gambling table or the saloon my rivals are the law books that are the 'better half' of your life, and whose loss you are no doubt mourning right now."

Blaine stopped reading, and recalled with a little shudder how that very morning when a "whiz bang" had burst in front of the dugout it had aroused him from a mental discussion of a very interesting point on the law of "precatory devises," coupled with the tantalizing knowledge that the frayed copy of "Lewin on Trusts" which would settle the point was back on the second right hand shelf in his Rockport office, now "closed during the war."

"Yes, I remember. 'Omaha Bill' the boys always called him," interrupted Blaine, "and he was always blowing about how much better they did things in the States—out west where I come from, Mister."

"That sounds just like him, and he was rather down on the Allies in this war," Broderick went on, "almost a German sympathizer. Didn't think much of the idea of my enlisting and expressed his opinion quite forcibly."

"But surely that wouldn't make any difference with his will," demurred Blaine comfortably.

"It did though, and he's cut me off without even the proverbial shilling, or dollar, I think it is in New Brunswick."

"Too bad," sympathized Blaine, eyeing the offending document greedily.

"Read it," growled Broderick, pushing it across the table with a savage gesture. Blaine snatched up the document eagerly, and glanced over it with a practised eye.

"Short, sweet and to the point," he remarked pleasantly.

"Everything else but sweet to me," grumbled Broderick. "I wouldn't really care if the money was going to anyone I knew; but the next nearest heir is a fourth cousin in Omaha that I never saw in my life. But read it over and give us the full benefit of knowing how it feels to lose a cool hundred thousand dollars."

"Whereas," read Blaine, "'my nephew Arthur Broderick has seen fit to enlist with the Canadian troops for Overseas Service, I hereby will and declare that the said Arthur Broderick shall not



A trolley train doing duty between the various departments of a shell factory.

"You will remember," he read on, "how you couldn't even go away for a week end without the latest copy of the 'Canadian Law Notes,' and that giving up your legal work to enlist was the greatest sacrifice of all. No, my friend—"

He crushed the letter in his brawny hand and glanced across at Broderick who was eagerly pouring over a legal looking document with a familiar red seal "set like a sun in the margin."

It looked so much like old times that, notwithstanding the disappointment which had just come to him with such crushing and unexpected force, he found himself longing to finger this tangible reminder of his profession, and hoping that Broderick would discuss its contents with him.

Broderick however, gave indication of sharing his interesting find. He finished reading and sat silently scowling at the innocent looking paper.

"Don't that beat H— and Louvain," he exclaimed finally.

"What's doing?" queried the other. "You remember me getting the cable the first of last month that Uncle Bill was dead?"

"Yes, and he must be awfully dead by this time," agreed Blaine with a cheerful grin.

"Well, here's a certified copy of his will," exclaimed Broderick, slapping the document on the little table.

"Did he remember you therein?"

"Oh, he remembered me with a vengeance. He had never married, and I was his nearest relative, and a great favorite of his. Always said he was going to leave me his property when he died. He had made his money in the States, though—"

under any circumstances take any part or share of my estate."

"He was bound to make it plain enough," commented Broderick.

"That's all, and it's properly signed and witnessed," concluded Blaine.

"Enough too," declared Broderick gloomily.

"I think you said you were your uncle's heir, so that the property would have gone to you if there had been no will?" queried Blaine.

"Yes, but that does me no good when there is a will."

"Your eccentric uncle has merely given another striking illustration of the established rule that the jolly testator who makes his own will is after all the lawyer's best friend," declared Blaine.

"But he's certainly not my friend," demurred Broderick.

Blaine leaned forward with an alert look of professional zeal on his face and tapped the will lovingly.

"Your uncle has stumbled on one of the most interesting legal points imaginable" he declared with marked enthusiasm.

"Explain," urged Broderick. "I'm a plain bank manager when I'm home and never pretended to know anything about law."

"It is an established principle of the English law," Blaine went on didactically, "that any man may dispose of his own property by will to any person he wishes and may utterly disinherit his heir if he so desires."

"I've just learned that by bitter experience," interrupted Broderick.

"But," continued Blaine eagerly, "it is equally well established that an intention that the heir will not take, although ex-

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pressed in the most positive terms is not sufficient to disinherit the heir unless there is a gift over to somebody else. It is not enough for the testator to say, 'I don't intend my heir to take any part of my estate,' but he must go on and say whom he intended to have it. If he don't the heir takes notwithstanding the will."

Broderick sprang to his feet, an eager light transforming his gloomy features. "Then you mean—" he stammered.

"That this will isn't worth the 'blind' typewriter it was written on," declared Blaine, "and you take the estate as your uncle's heir just as if there never had been a will."

"And the money is actually mine?"

"Yes," winced Blaine, "you are in a financial position to ask Elsie to marry you if you wish."

Broderick was relieved from the embarrassing necessity of a reply. A mud-festooned corporal rushed in and summoned him to the front trench where the usual nightly attack of the Saxon troops was assuming unusual proportions.

Blaine gazed at the little tin stove with unseeing eyes. Then he rose wearily and unfolded the crumpled letter. He had been so absorbed in the legal discussion that he had forgotten the letter for the moment, and its contents came to him again with new and crushing force.

"I guess Elsie's right," he muttered, "and I'm too much of a law bookworm to be a marrying man. Well I hope she and Broderick will be happy."

He turned to throw the letter into the fire; but his eye caught the inevitable feminine P.S. at the end.

"John Webster, who, you remember, married Nellie Harmon last summer, eloped with his stenographer yesterday. Really, I believe I prefer a book fiend after all."

One Package Too Much

"How came Flubdub to be arrested?"

"Well, he's an earnest exponent of the theory that you ought to carry home your own packages. Only he had a package that was too much for him."

AS a matter of fact, I am afraid I ought not to have shown that catalogue to Elizabeth at all. Yet it looked harmless enough. "The household furniture and effects of the late William Westinghouse, Esquire, at eleven precisely." William Westinghouse—probably an elderly bachelor. Lots 1 to 93 consisted mainly of pipe racks and liqueur stands. Lots 94 to 567 of— But here, in a weak, unselfish moment, I handed the catalogue to Elizabeth.

"Anything there you care about?" I asked with assumed carelessness.

With feminine ease Elizabeth passed right over Lots 1 to 93 and settled in the best bedroom. From there she descended to the drawing room, ticking off various items with a blunt pencil.

"The thing's genuine enough," said

Elizabeth about tea-time. "There's no doubt about that."

"Not a scrap."

"And we do want a new hall-stand."

"Do we?" I said; then, "I suppose we do."

"And if we get there early—about Lot ninety-four—we shall have plenty of time to see how things are going before starting to bid."

"Plenty," I agreed. Then what novelists call "an awkward pause" ensued. "Er—about bidding?"

"Of course, if you'd rather," began Elizabeth.

"Not at all. Still, I fancy it would look better for a man—"

"Perhaps," conceded Elizabeth; "though I do think a woman's intuition—"

"Ah, yes, a woman's intuition," I murmured, and I knew I had been miserably beaten.

"We do want a new hall-stand." Those were Elizabeth's words. That was Monday. Unfortunately it was four days before the sale took place. On Tuesday we wanted a coal vase and an alarm clock. Wednesday, an overmantel. Thursday, a pair of curtains. Then I wished I had burned that catalogue.

Now there are two ways of bidding. One is to beat the other man at all costs. That is unscientific and expensive. The second is the way Elizabeth discovered in a little book, "Secrets of Success in the Auction Room." You mark the highest price you are prepared to give on the margin of your catalogue. You start the bidding at exactly half this figure. You advance your bids by easy stages until your outside price is reached. Then—you remember method No. 1.

When we arrived at the residence of the late Mr. William Westinghouse, a mahogany sideboard was being offered.

"It's too large," said Elizabeth.

"Much."

"And it's in shocking bad repair."

"Shocking."

"And it—Four pounds ten!" cried Elizabeth.

"But, my dear," I remonstrated, "we have one. Don't you remember—near the pot of aspidistra?"

"I'm only practising," explained Elizabeth.

"To acquire confidence in the auction room the beginner should make one or two trial bids before actually buying." That's what the author of 'Secrets of Success' recommends."

A few lots further on a piano was put up.

"I'm safe up to thirty pounds," said Elizabeth. "I'll help the bidding on a bit, then drop out just before—"

But either that crowd was not musical, or else Elizabeth had overestimated the value of early Victorian pianos. Anyway she—we—I—bought it for twenty-nine pounds.

"Of course, it's absurdly cheap," said Elizabeth as I paid the deposit.

"Of course, but—do you really think you need more practice? I'm no judge, you know, still—"

"You think I've got the knack?"

"Quite certain of it."

"Then I shall bid in real earnest next time."

Then the duel commenced—Elizabeth versus The Field. The auctioneer played for The Field. He was a host in himself.

"Thirty-two-and-six for this lovely pair of cut-glass celery glasses," he would cry. "Only thirty-two-and-six."

"Thirty-five," came a voice from an empty corner. (Did I mention that the auctioneer was an accomplished ventriloquist, and could make bids from all parts of the room?)

"Thank you, sir."

"Thirty-seven-and-six." This from a lady who had just left the room.

"Thirty-seven-and-six," said the auctioneer very deliberately. "Thirty-seven-and-six" (silence). "May I say two pounds? May I—?" Then he looked at Elizabeth. I really don't know what we shall do with another pair of celery glasses, though. There were three sets given at the wedding.

We had now bought a grand piano, a hall-stand (it came on earlier than Elizabeth expected), and a pair of celery glasses. The hall-stand could, with alterations in the peg department, be made useful, and it cost no more than a new one—which is what a bargain means



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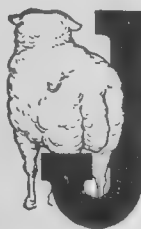
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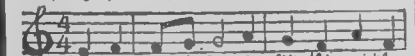
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when buying furniture. But the celery glasses—and the grand piano! Really, something must be done. Should I rush out to the nearest post-office and wire to Elizabeth: "Mother dying. Come at once.—Clara?" The post-office was three-quarters of a mile away—phew! And the curtains were just beginning.

No; I must stay by Elizabeth. That was my place.

There was one pair of curtains—real lace—against which Elizabeth had written thirty-five shillings. And there was another bidder, a lady, who had written her outside figure (she must have read "Secrets of Success" too). And there was the auctioneer.

I fancy that auctioneer knew all about a woman's intuition. (Perhaps he had been married several times.) At five guineas he paused and smiled encouragingly at Elizabeth. Then he raised his little ivory hammer menacingly. But, of course, he did not mean to let that pair of curtains go for five guineas. In the depths of his soul he had said, "At seven guineas I shall part with them. It will be a hard struggle, but—" Elizabeth was the lucky bidder. Real lace, too!

After this the spell of the auction room quite possessed Elizabeth. From room to room she—followed the auctioneer, now bidding for packets of stair rods, now a footbath, now a set of carvers. At half-past four I suggested lunch.

"There's nothing to prevent you from going out," said Elizabeth coldly, "as I expect I shall be pretty busy for the next half-hour. There are one or two mixed lots—" Of course it was absurd

our dining-room. Lots one to twenty consist mainly of bedroom furniture; thirty-seven is a pair of Worcester vases; ninety-two-three and four are real lace curtains. Later on a grand piano will be offered. And Elizabeth—

Remembering God

"Sometimes I'm afraid I'm not a Christian at all," the boy said doggedly. "I thought I was when I joined the church, but I don't seem to have the same interest, somehow. It isn't easy for me to remember God—to think about Him a hundred times a day as I feel sure a Christian ought to do."

"You weren't at prayer meeting last night," the minister observed, looking kindly into the troubled young face.

"No, I wasn't. We had company at the house, and I guess I never thought of the meeting until I heard the bell ring." The lad flushed a little. "I'm afraid it isn't the first time."

"I am thinking about the time your father was away from home so long—on that business trip in the West." The minister spoke slowly, looking away toward the blue hills. "There was nearly a year you didn't see him, I think. Was it hard for you to remember him?"

"Not a bit." There was no uncertainty in the frank reply. "I don't suppose I thought of him as often as I do when he's in and out every few hours in the day—that is, after the first, when we all missed him so much. But we had letters every week, and of course we talked about him



A forest of shells—a common sight in England to-day.

to leave Elizabeth to wrestle with those mixed lots unaided.

Now, a mixed lot is a birdcage, a length of Brussel carpet, and a cracked water-jug. In theory, one purchases the three for the price of the birdcage, and has the carpet and the water-jug presented as consolation prizes. In practice, Elizabeth bought a really good all-wool hearthrug for two and a half guineas, and left a 1905 calendar and a clothes-horse in the van that brought our bargains home.

At half-past six Elizabeth began to show signs of fatigue. For a barely appreciable fraction of a second the spell of the auction room left her. In a distant manner she remembered two or three friends with whom she had promised to take tea.

"Supposing," I suggested it as the merest possibility, "we were to miss the servant's bedroom."

"I think," said Elizabeth, "it would be more manly to admit you want your tea."

"Lunch," I corrected.

"Where were we at lunch?" Elizabeth inquired vaguely.

"Lot one-eight-three," I hazarded.

"Perhaps we'd better, then—if you're very keen."

At the door Elizabeth turned. The auctioneer was holding up a pair of Worcester vases. For a moment everything hung in the balance. I nerved myself for a big effort.

"Those vases are imitation," I said, speaking very quickly, "and the one on the left is cracked and—and I heard a dealer say—"

There is another sale in the neighborhood to-morrow. It is to take place in

—mother and the girls, and all of us—and kept looking forward to the time when he'd come home. No, there wasn't much chance to forget him."

"Suppose there had been no letters, Harry? Suppose your father's name had been dropped in conversation? Suppose—"

"It would have made a difference," the other broke in eagerly. "The house would have been there, though, and the things father had given us. They'd have kept him in mind—for a time, at least. I don't know how it would have been after he had been away years and years."

"We can't see God," the minister said, after a thoughtful pause. "He is very near us, but until we have keener eyes than we have now, we must take that on trust. It isn't to be wondered at that we forget God when so many other things that we can see and touch and feel crowd in upon us. No doubt our Heavenly Father took all that into account when He gave us His holy word—something like your father's weekly letters—and His house, where the members of His family could meet and talk about Him. I believe that's what the Bible and the church ought to mean to us, Harry."

"I didn't stay to communion the last time," the boy admitted, dropping his eyes. "I see what you mean, and it's right, too. We had two cousins visiting that day, and they—well, they weren't at all that sort. I've missed a good many other Sundays, too; and this summer's been such a rush that my Bible reading has gone by pretty often. A fellow needs all the reminders of God he can have in a world like this."

"He certainly does, Harry," the minister said, smiling. "I fancy you're on the right track."

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A Bargain

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

BERENICE slipped out through the postern gate, down the yew walk, and out into the tangled garden.

Lavender bushes edged the narrow path, and beyond their haze of faint blue stood hedges of sweet-peas, and great clumps of tall hollyhocks.

Behind the riot of color rose the grim grey walls of the castle, here and there clothed with dark ivy and clinging clematis, a splendid outline against a strong blue sky. Every sound, every scent was dear to Berenice Denison. She loved her home with an amazing fervor; loved it the more because at any moment it might be wrenched from her.

What an odious thing it was to be poor—and the eldest daughter!

It had been constantly dinning into her ears during the past twelve months that it was high time she cleared out. There were six sisters younger—all pretty, all portionless, all growing apace.

She had had chances. That was what the family complained of. They knew all about the young Earl of Lomond who had thought himself desperately in love with the new beauty. They knew, too, about the staid Cabinet Minister who had approached the Denisons and asked in early Victorian fashion for their eldest daughter's hand. She had likewise refused a rising young barrister, and a soldier with nothing in the way of means but his pay.

The "right man" had not turned up, though sometimes she saw him as a reincarnation of the boyish sweetheart of

its tapestries and carved ceiling, its treasures of pictures and china, and beautiful old French furniture. Berenice was there standing near one of the windows, a ray of sunshine filtering through tangled roses outside falling on her white gown, on the red carnations tucked into her belt, on her sweet, serious face.

Mr. Williamson halted for a perceptible moment. Berenice felt his eyes on her, and was annoyed.

Then, with simple courtesy, he was greeting her people, and she was included in the introduction.

Sir John took the visitor aside. Anon they vanished to look over the castle—to stay some time in the library, with its wide outlook over undulating park land—while Berenice fidgeted upstairs, and wondered how long the man would give them before he turned them out.

Lady Denison, whose placid fingers were engaged in the piece of knitting which she took up at odd moments, glanced at her eldest daughter—and sighed. It was a sigh she intended Berenice to hear. But Berenice did not speak.

The mother frowned a little. If only Berenice were like other girls, biddable, unassertive, what matchmaking might be done.

The American with his millions would probably need a wife. What more fitting than that a daughter of the former owner of the place should fill the post?

Lady Denison sighed again.

And just then the door opened, and back came Croesus and his host.



A Welcome Oasis.

her baby days, for the memory of Humphrey Lingard remained with her, despite the flight of years.

She remembered now the tears she had shed—such bitter tears—when Humphrey came to say good-bye to her. He was a tall boy, then, ready to go out into the world, and determined to make a fortune.

"When I do it, we'll have a real good time," he told her, squaring his young shoulders. "I shall come back then, VERNICE!" (Which was his own special rendering of her name).

But that had happened years ago, and he had never come back.

As the girls grew up, things had gone from bad to worse, and now Sir John Denison was trying to sell the home of his forefathers to a wealthy American who would not stick at the big price asked.

The would-be purchaser was coming down to-day to see the place. It appeared that he fancied Castle Denison; had, indeed, set his heart upon it, and was prepared to write a cheque for the many, many thousands asked.

Somewhere a distant clock struck three. Berenice turned from her contemplation of flower borders and the far away line of blue hills, and went back to the turret door, through which she slipped just as a motor horn hooted aggressively in the gravelled quadrangle, round three sides of which rose the ancient pile of Castle Denison, and beyond which stretched the most wonderful emerald turf, with three age-worn and magnificent cedars as a back-ground.

So it happened that when a tall, broad-shouldered man in the late thirties was ushered into the state drawing-room with

Sir John Denison's rubicund face was one big beam. Evidently the negotiations were progressing favorably, and even if the baronet had asked a big price, it was not enough to frighten the man of millions.

"Well, I think we shall do a deal," said Mr. Williamson complacently. His eyes were on Berenice, who tried to smile and look pleasantly at the arbiter of their destinies. It was rather a pathetic little smile, and Lady Denison frowned again. "I am delighted to hear it," she said graciously. "Sorry as I am to think of leaving the dear old place, still—"

"I shall take good care of it all," Mr. Williamson assured her. "But there's one thing—the duds I've got will look pretty small in this ancient pile—not enough to fit up more than half of it. I've an offer to make. If I add another ten thousand to the price, will you sell the place as it stands—furnished—with everything as I see it now?"

The Denisons gasped, and looked at one another.

"As it stands!" said her ladyship faintly. "You would allow us to remove—personal things, I suppose?"

"Oh, of course. I mean the furniture, china, and so forth. Think it over—it's a firm offer. What a view you have from this window!"

He crossed the great room, and stood in the embrasure of the window beside Berenice. The perfume from the great cluster of red carnations at her waist reached him.

"You love this place?" he asked her abruptly. At the other end of the room the Denisons were in close converse. To be or not to be was the subject, of course.

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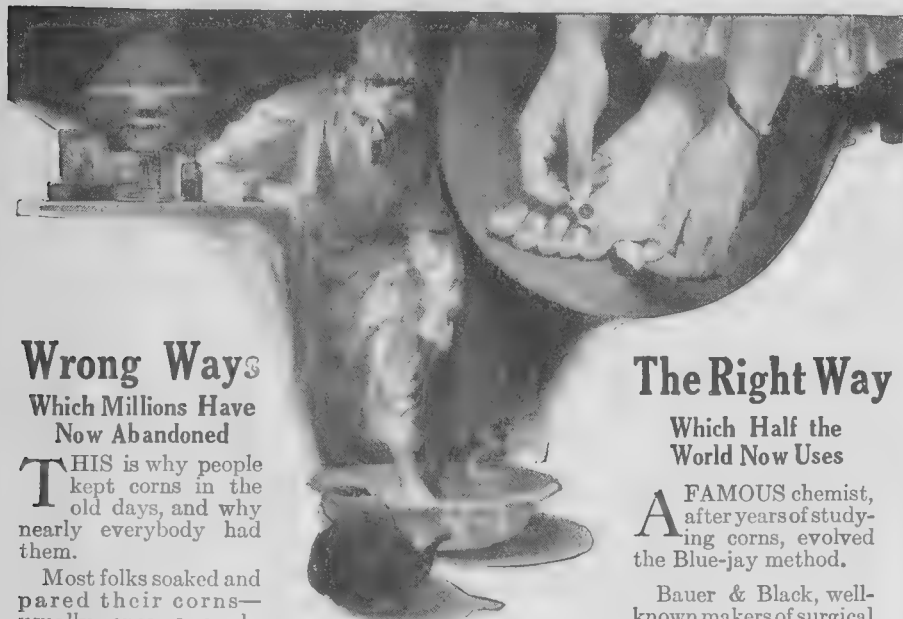
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They never tried to end them. Many people then had corns half as old as they were.

To protect the corn—to stop the pain—they simply used a corn pad. Thus feet were always kept unsightly. And the corn stayed on.

Then someone found that a certain acid often loosened up a corn. A flood of "corn cures"—liquids and plasters—came out with that discovery. And hundreds yet remain.

They were both harsh and uncertain. And were rarely confined to the corn. They were spread on the healthy skin as well, and that often led to soreness.

People tried one, then another, but all were alike. So they finally became discouraged. Then they went back to paring and to pads.

In those days one or more corns deformed nearly every foot. A corn ache blighted nearly every occasion. Nearly every pretty foot had a pad on it. And paring was as common as the bath.

That is true of millions still. But other millions never suffer corns, and never will. Now let us tell you why.

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The Right Way

Which Half the
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Bauer & Black, well-known makers of surgical dressings, make and market Blue-jay.

Now anyone can stop a corn ache in a jiffy, and end the corn completely in two days.

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Apply the Blue-jay and forget the corn. Leave it on two days. Then remove it and the corn will disappear.

Nine corns in ten will do that. One corn in ten needs another application.

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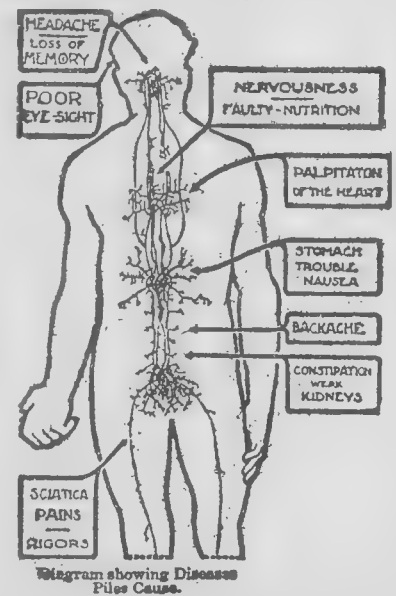
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"Yes."
"You'll be sorry to leave it?"
Berenice looked at him once—a fugitive glance. He saw her pansy eyes brimming with tears—silly tears, that would start up at his words.

"Yes," she said again, very low.

He wheeled about.

"Well?" he said.

The Denisons looked at one another—then at him.

"Is it a deal?" he asked.

"Yes. We accept your offer. Of course there are things—personal things which my girls value—"

"Quite so. This room, now—is there anything you wish to take from it?"

Lady Denison was heard to murmur something about her books—a certain piece of china.

Mr. Williamson nodded.

"Then with those exceptions you give me the room as it stands?"

"As it stands."

"With your daughter?"

They all stared at him.

"I don't understand," said Sir John in a puzzled tone. Lady Denison gave a little gasp.

"I can't manage this place without a mistress. I offer your daughter the post. She has said she does not want to leave the place. There is no occasion for her to do so. I want her to be my wife. I'll come in again tomorrow. But I buy the place in entirety—or not at all."

And Mr. Williamson went straight out of the room and shut the door, leaving behind him, consternation, blank amazement, speechlessness.

Berenice was the first to speak.

"He is mad!" she said, her face a flaming pink.

Her father looked at her doubtfully.

"He certainly has rummy ideas," he said, with a whimsical smile. "But the man isn't mad, Berenice. And he's deadly serious. God knows I don't want to sell you, child—but you know how things stand. Take your time about it. Think of your sisters, and the future. Of course I shall make all inquiries, but I don't suppose there's a father in England who would refuse to take him gladly as a son-in-law if they got the chance!"

In the dark bewilderment that settled on her like a cloud, Berenice could find no ray of light. What a responsibility rested upon her! She thought it over—recalled all her mother had urged upon her—the future—the present, so full of difficulties which she now had a chance of removing for ever—thought, too oddly enough, of Mr. Williamson's pleasant brown eyes and manner. After all, she really didn't dislike him. She even felt that in time she might grow fond of such a man. And she didn't suppose he would expect much from a bride who had been so curiously won.

He came the next day. He was very nice. He said there was no hurry. She could take her time.

Sir John looked at him doubtfully.

"She knows so little about me," added Mr. Williamson in an explanatory way. "It's natural she should want to think a little before she makes up her mind to take me for better or worse—eh?"

"Just so—just so. But, after all, Mr. Williamson, you know just as little of my girl."

An odd look flashed for a moment into the financier's keen eyes.

"I'm accustomed to judge my fellow men and women pretty sharply, Sir John. I knew what I wanted when I looked at Berenice, and if I want a thing I generally get it. I just freeze on to it, you see."

And that was just what he did.

He froze on to Berenice. He was very tactful and pleasant. Days slipped by, a week passed, and she learned to know him a good deal better.

And the others looked on and waited, and feared—and, at last, hoped.

It was her birthday. Down where the stream purled over boulders, and purple flags edged its bank thickly, Berenice sat beneath a spreading beech tree.

Through the leaves the sunshine fell in a pattern of gold on her white frock. It caught Mr. Williamson's eyes as he came along the narrow path, and dropped down on the grass beside her.

"Good morning," he said. "Many

very happy days. You will make me very happy if you'll accept this little present."

He slipped a small parcel, done up in stiff white paper, into her lap. Berenice took it up and opened it rather fearfully. She did not want to feel the chains of gold fastening themselves about her yet. She did not want to wear his diamonds or pearls.

But the little parcel contained neither. Only a slim book, beautifully bound in soft blue leather, emerged from its paper wrappings. She looked at the title.

"Poems—by Henley."

She lifted happy eyes.

"How did you know I loved these?" she asked shyly.

Then an amazing thing happened.

Mr. Williamson, for the first time, put his arm about her shoulders. He drew her to him gently.

"Because I remembered—Vernice," he said.

There was a breathless silence. Berenice shrank from him for a moment, then mastered enough courage to look at him straightly.

"You are Humphrey?" she cried.

"I am Humphrey!"

"But the name? Your name—"

"Is Lingard Williamson. It's a long story, Vernice. I went to America all those years ago, and after a number of happenings I was taken into rather a famous firm. I did some work that commended me to the senior partner, whose name was Williamson. I was later the means of more or less saving his life in a ship-wreck. He made a good deal of fuss about a very simple thing, and eventually took me into the firm as a partner. Last year he died, leaving everything to me. I wronged no one by accepting the legacy, for he had no near relations. He asked me to take his name. It's all very simple. But you didn't know me!"

"I felt I did, somehow, but I couldn't understand it."

"And all those years, Vernice, I was working for you. I always meant to get you—some day. And, thank God, the day has come. Do you remember how I told you I'd make my fortune and come back for you? Well, it's come true. Look, Vernice!"

He pulled a fat letter-case from his breast pocket; opening it, he extracted a little packet of newspaper cuttings—a portrait or two—and put them into her lap. She looked at them, and a low cry escaped her.

Her own face smiled at her from the portraits. One of them was cut from a popular weekly journal—the picture of her taken by a famous photographer in her first Court gown. Another taken with a house party; yet another on the river.

And the cuttings were all about her. There was her presentation at Court; a paragraph describing her gown at Ascot—the only Ascot she had been to—"the prettiest debutante of the year."

And more stuff of the same kind. Yet another hinted at an engagement shortly to be announced between the said pretty debutante and the Earl of Lomond.

Mr. Williamson put a large, shapely finger on the paragraph.

"I felt I could have shot the fellow when I read that," he said. "And when I read later on that he had married a girl from a music hall I felt like cabling him half my fortune. A thank offering, you know. I followed everything that happened to you. I always hoped that when my chance came you'd still be free. And you are, aren't you, Vernice?"

Berenice looked at him with shining eyes, in which he surely could read the answer he longed for. Yet her lips said: "Aren't you afraid? Aren't you afraid that I'm just going to marry you because you're rich, and we're poor—because I ought to be settled by this time to make room for the others?"

He laughed—and she was in his arms.

"I'm not a bit afraid of that!" he cried with happy triumph. "Only I'd like you to tell me, sweet, that there is no one else—that you've waited, just as I waited."

"I believe I did," she said seriously, "only I didn't honestly know that I was doing it. Something always came between me and anyone else I might have married. I think it was the thought of—you."

"Oh Vernice," he breathed, "so dreams do come true after all!"

And that bargain for Berenice was sealed in time honored fashion.

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School and College

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. A. McIntyre, L.L.D.

THIS is the time of the year when parents have to decide as to the school or college their children shall attend for the coming year. For most parents the choice is simple. The public school of the community is the only one possible, and taking it all in all, is, or may be the very best school for young children.

It is best because it is a miniature community. It is the school of all the people. There are no invidious distinctions of race, color, class or creed. Children work together, play together, sing the same songs and learn the same folk stories. They enter into friendly rivalries and learn to appreciate one another's gifts and powers. All this makes for the feeling of neighborliness which is the foundation of the great national virtues.

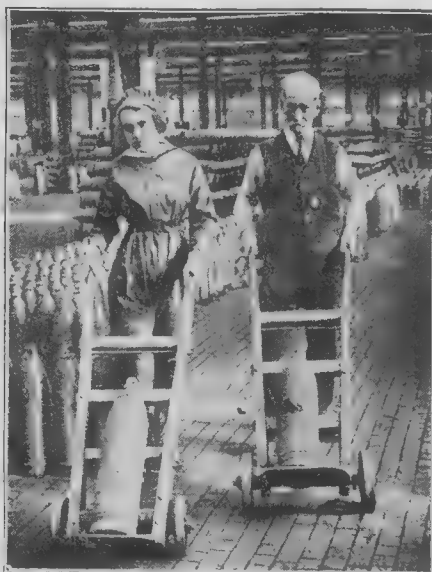
The common school has other merits than this. In it there is not the classification within narrow lines that makes the day's work wearisome in its monotony. There is a mingling in a common fold of pupils of different ages, and because of this the feelings of responsibility on the one side and hero worship on the other are developed.

There are of course disadvantages, but they are not so many as the penny-dreadful writers in the yellow journals of

people, the other two being of our own nationality. The school inspector for the district is official trustee. The attendance of the children is almost perfect; their interest in their work exceeds anything we find in the ordinary town schools. In the field of manual work—sewing by the girls, and wood-work by the boys, there is nothing in town schools of the same grade to compare with it. The school is the big thing in the lives of the pupils and the community and it is rightly regarded as the force which makes for "sweetness and light." Looking at the pupils and their work I could carry away but one conviction namely, that before many years, these young people because of their well-established habits of industry and thrift, and their consuming desire to know and to accomplish will be leaders in our industrial enterprises while the children of the present wealth-owners will be their servants. These people in this quaint little village, which to the ordinary citizen seems so backward and so ugly, have chosen, or have had chosen for them, the one thing that will make for progress, refinement and full-orbed liberty. Should you ask the reason for the success in this settlement, it must be attributed as in many other schools of the kind to the initiative of the Department of Education and the missionary zeal of trained intelligent and sympathetic teachers. And it is always true in the education of children that the selection of the teacher is the prime consideration. That old trustee down in Ontario fifty years ago made a sure bid for a poor school when he advertised: "Apply stating salary; lowest salary accepted." The wise man will say: "Send us your name, the applicant with highest qualification will be accepted."

In Northwestern Manitoba is a town of a few hundred people. A public-spirited citizen conceived the idea that it would be a good thing if the neighboring school districts united with the town in erecting a central school. After much patient discussion the scheme was finally accepted, and a new building was completed to accommodate the two hundred pupils who attend. The building is on a site of nine acres. It has a heating and lighting plant, a fine auditorium, laboratories, lunch rooms, play-room, and next year will have manual training outfit. The pupils carry on their work right through into the High School. The town and district have caught up the spirit of the school. There is a community club, a musical club, and until the draft of young men there was an athletic club. What was an ordinary little uninteresting village has become a noted educational centre, and all because a few dominating souls with clear vision perceived a need and a possibility. And again let it be said that all the effort would have been lost if the board of trustees had failed at the last moment to engage the services of the very best teachers. It is a real treat to visit a town in which the people are aflame with interest in all that pertains to the education of the children. Other towns may have finer buildings, and may boast wealthier citizens, but in few places are parents so bountifully providing their children with opportunities for culture and development. They have chosen the good part which cannot be taken away.

Another town close at hand has a school in which, owing to the leadership of a few public-spirited citizens, there has been worked up the greatest interest in education. Organized work, organized play, gardening, manual work, supervised study—all these and more—indicate the pains taken to enrich and give life to the activities of the school. Just one thing is chosen for illustration. Every fall there is a commencement day. After a concert, the prizes are distributed, and then the retiring class is banquetted by the citizens of the town, who wish the young people God-speed as they go forth upon life's journey. Every pupil of that school belongs to the town. It is the town-spirit that is remarkable. Have you anything of the kind in your town or your district? Surely in nation building the only way to begin is by educating or developing the capacity of the children. The simplest agency to employ for this purpose is the public school. But a school must be equipped for work and must be backed by the sympathies of the



The Spirit of Britain.
Doing their bit—eighteen and eighty.

pedagogy have pictured to us. Even the little rural school at the cross-roads has something in its favor. Those of us who have had the experience of receiving our early training in such schools and who remember what town and city schools and town and city pupils were at that time, will not be ready to admit too quickly that the one-roomed school was wholly miserable, judged either by the teaching or by the product.

There are the greatest possible differences among the public schools of a country. Even when in the matter of wealth two neighboring districts are approximately equal, one boasts a school of undisputed excellence while the other possesses a school of which no one could boast. Usually when there is marked progressiveness it is owing to the effort of some dominating spirit in the community—it may be a teacher with a passion for his work, or some citizen who believes in the power of the school to quicken and ennoble. Two or three illustrations come to mind, and these speak more forcibly than any words I could utter.

It was my good fortune two weeks ago to visit a school about fifteen miles out of the city. It was in the heart of what is known as a non-English district. The grown people do not speak our tongue and understand it but little. The children are learning the language rapidly and so it is being introduced into the homes. The dwelling houses, the stables, the farm implements of the people are all very primitive. It is as if a settlement of a hundred years ago had over night been planted on the prairie. In the midst of this settlement is the school, or rather there are two schools side by side. They are in charge of three very fine teachers—one of whom speaks the language of the

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people. Above all care must be taken to get the best teachers. A teacher may be worth ten thousand dollars a year less than nothing, or she may be worth all the wealth of the grain fields—that is, if she is educating your child or mine. What say you as to that?

There comes a time for many pupils when they have to leave home to complete their education. They have to go to college. Nothing has yet been devised by man to take the place of this institution. Let us consider for a moment what it has to offer its students.

It holds out the gift of knowledge. It puts each of its students in possession of some of the acquired wisdom of the race. It elevates the individual to the species. It emancipates from the thralldom of localism. Then it promises power—power of thought, of imagination, of initiative. It develops taste—for the beautiful in art and music and literature,—and feeling for all that is true and beautiful and good. It develops the social qualities and prepares for public service. Above all, in recent times, it trains in practical ability. All this and much more if it is a really good college.

And as in the case of schools, there is a great difference between the worst and the best. The worthy institution is made so because of its teaching body and the spirit in which the work is conducted. A good college is a safe home for growing boys and girls. Intellectually and spiritually they should find the counsel and director they require. Teachers should be more than instructors and grad-grinds.

Broken Necks Now Mended

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

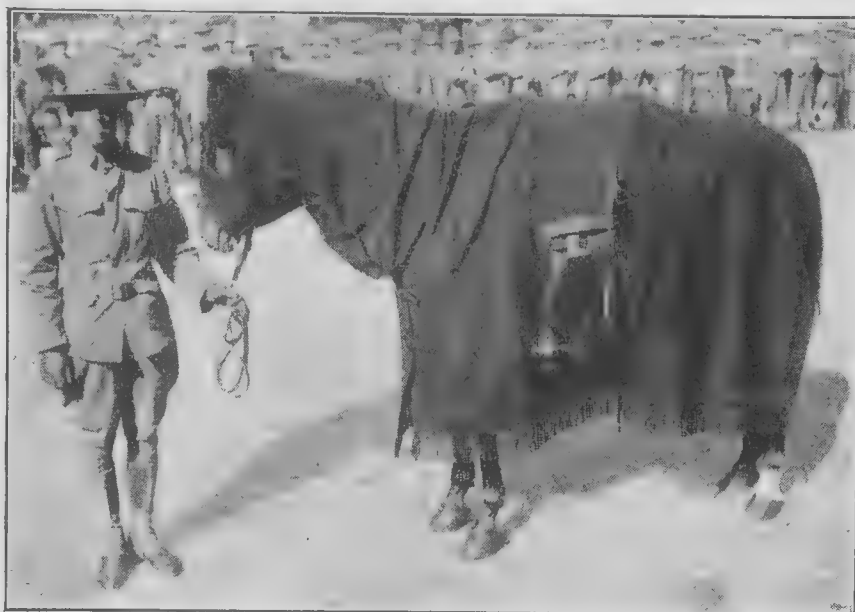
Time was, not so long ago, when anyone who suffered a broken neck or "fracture of the cervical vertebrae," as formidable medical tones speak it, was given up at once to die. In a word, life insurance companies began to make out checks, widows to put on weeds, and families to go into mourning, when a broken neck occurred.

Not so any longer! To-day, thanks to the security and marvels developed through the aseptic practice of skilful surgery, most broken necks heal as quickly as a broken shoulder blade.

Many such triumphs are reported from English, French and American surgeons along the battle fronts in France. As compared with broken necks and fractures of the spine in previous wars, the present medical successes are scarcely short of miraculous.

As an instance, Dr. C. G. Cumston, collected the data in a recent Crimean war. There were seventy-six such fractures of the spinal vertebrae. Every one of them died! To-day practically all of these men could be saved.

At present in the greatest of world wars, as soon as a man is wounded and says that he cannot move his head, his upper or lower limbs, and has been hit in the neck or back, the stretcher bearers, ambulance aids, litter carriers, and brother soldiers have been trained at camps to



One of the most pitiful and sorrowful sights of the funeral of Ex-Mayor Major John Purroy Mitchell, of New York, was his horse draped in deep mourning with his master's boots and sword alongside. The procession, after leaving the City Hall, moved up Fifth Avenue to St. Patrick's Cathedral, muffled drums throbbing at the head and detachments of the various branches of the service following, through silent throngs with heads bared, while high overhead squadrons of airplanes dropped roses along the entire line of march. From the Cathedral the cortege proceeded to Woodlawn cemetery, then taps, the last volley and the funeral of Mayor and Major Mitchell was a thing of the past. The deceased officer quickly rose to eminence in the civic service of his country. He was New York's youngest mayor, and but 39. It would appear that his death was caused through his failure to buckle his safety belt when going into the airplane, and upon nosing over for the glide was thrown out by the peculiar quick snap of the scout when the stick ushered too far forward.

They should be personal advisors and friends to all the students. That was a detestable utterance of a college professor who said: "This place would be all very well if it were not for the damned students." The only thought of a professor is to help the students. It is for the students, that the university or college with all that it commands, truly exists. In so far as a college succeeds in building up life—pure, vigorous, self-reliant and capable—it is worthy of patronage. If it falls short of this, it is a miserable failure. The guiding motto of the university teacher as of all others is this: "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it the more abundantly."

And so it becomes all parents who have the means and the opportunity to provide higher education for their children to choose wisely among the institutions that offer courses of instruction. If on the one hand they must avoid the institutions which attempt to molly-coddle the students, on the other hand they must not dare to patronize such as tend to demoralize through lack of supervision or through the encouragement of false standards of thought and expression. A really good college is the greatest asset of a nation. See to it that your children get the best preparation for life that can be had.

consider him as having a broken neck, or a fracture of the spine.

Then his transportation calls for the utmost caution until he is placed on the operating bed of the nearest first aid or base hospital. At the dressing station, a pause is made to apply an aseptic or perhaps an antiseptic dressing and an injection of codeine is given to allay motion, pain and shock.

If possible no further transportation is advisable. If, however, a surgeon practised in these operations is not nearer than a base hospital, the victim must be carefully carried there. When he arrives, he is not moved or taken from the litter to which he has been immobilized. Instead a nicely applied wadded pad of cotton and gauze is wound around the trunk and neck. If there are no distinct, certain signs of splinters of bone, or fragments in touch with the delicate spinal marrow, the fracture may be reduced by the surgeon through the wadded dressing.

It is evident, however, that in many instances, spicules of the bones of the vertebral column will compress or press upon the spinal cord. Or it may be shrapnel or other missiles. In either event, the operation must be done at once but as simple in character and as gently as is compatible with removal of every last vestige of irritation or injury to the medulla oblongata or spinal cord.

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from, as the Huns had Canada all taken—on paper—and the U. S. wasn't going to butt in, either, as she was at peace then. But I wanted to tell you about my pal sitting in the life-boat. We got yarn-ing, and this is about what I learned of how he got his Blighy. He was a sniper and he overlapped; that means he went out at dusk to find a devil who had an angle range on the trench, and crept right past him; and the first thing he knew about it was a 'bang!' some hundred feet behind (Mr. Hun Sniper firing from a set piece at some sure spot in our line). He was without his spotter, working alone. Back he crept and listened for it seemed hours, until he heard a snore and a cough—one asleep and the other on watch. There was a bit of machine-gun fire since the sniper shot, but all three were in shell holes.

"When the sun arose next morning our man awoke with a start. Our trenches were a long way toward the rising sun, and two dummies and two snipers were between. Through the long grass he could see the silly faces of the dummies, and at rare times get a back head view of one, sometimes two Huns. All day long he laid there, vainly trying to get a sight on that pair. Once, through the glasses, he saw that one wore a silk mask that looked exactly like the grass he lay in. The other chap was painted worse than any clown. He knew if he shot it must be low to guard our trenches, and that a hail of

death would sing along from those same well disguised lines. These two Huns knew the game: 'Never snipe save at dawn or dusk, unless you have a sure thing, or fire as a signal for something.' Our man's iron rations saved him this day, and there were some gruesome sights in that shell-hole, too. A company of Germans had been there when our H. E. struck—good-night company. The second night a bright moon illuminated No Man's Land and through his glasses he located the enemy, but too indistinctly to get him. At dawn the sniper crawled right up on the back slope of the hole. Our man told me he could see both the Hun, his rifle, and our man he was aiming at in the trenches—some 'greeny,' with a rear light, showing him up. 'Ping!' went our sniper, killing the Hun and causing him to fire his rifle, too, as the sand jumped into the air off the muzzle, and the weeds waved. Just then a machine gun in the enemy's line worked up, and our man got into a stream of bullets, pulping his arm from wrist to elbow—and he crept in after dark, all in.

"Here a flying man broke in with, 'Jolly day for the boys overhead, I don't think. Did I ever have anything strange happen to me? Oh, no—not much. But I'll tell you a few things that happened to the other chap'—meaning 'Heinie.' 'They send their sneaking spies over to the schools, and as every man's record can be easily traced away back before enlistment in our ranks, if he is a good one, these shady characters are usually spotted pretty soon. There was one smooth devil who went through all the classes and then asked for a mechanic's job, on account of dizziness. Dizzy, my eye! I'd seen him doing all sorts of stunts when off on his own—nose dives that he never learned at any of our schools—so, one day I saw him hurriedly unscrew a feed and drop something in. The bus was just about going up, but I happened to be in charge that day, so I cancelled the trip, and had the chap put away. After I gave my little speech at the examination they told him they had kept the machine under lock and key, and they wanted him to take the old bus up for a spin. Not on your life. Then they held a proper one and gave him his choice of a flight or a bullet. He chose the latter, as he said 'he had got twelve men with his dope already'—and seemed Hunnishly proud of it, too. The mixture, fed to an ancient marine engine, promptly burst into flames. 'Any others? Oh, lots of them'. One of ours, going into his big dugout behind the lines to get his bus, heard a noise in the dark and turned on his flash. Here was Mr. Spy again, one of our trusted mechanics, spring saw and paint and putty and varnish and all. Our man just whistled, got his squadron men all together, forced the brute to show just where he had weakened the trusses, and he'll never weaken any more. Another of ours actually caught a chap out monkeying with a strap just before he went up—cut as neatly, and almost in two as you could wish for. Remember when I tell you of these things occurring in England and Flanders and France, you want to watch out, for the same crafty, far-reaching hand is trying them on in Canada and the U. S. at every roll of this sea-bucking transport. My, what a dandy big target she would make for one of our big seaplanes—big as she is we could put her out in a jiffy with the new fire-works.

"And so go the tales, between card games and visits to the rail. Really some men seem fond of gazing down at the sea. I wonder if they are always looking for subs, as they say, and is the green hue of their faces only sea reflection, for not one of them has been seasick this swift voyage—to hear them tell it."

N.B.—The editor joins with the readers of the magazine in extending congratulations to Laddie, Jr., on his return to Canada. Like many other heroic Canadians, he bears the honored scars of war and is at present in hospital in Toronto. Good luck and a speedy recovery to him. His letters from abroad were read with great interest by many.

At The Chemistry Examination

Professor—Can you tell me what will happen to gold when it is left uncovered in the air?

Student—It will be stolen.

**FIRST
GRADE
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19 ounce

**19 OUNCES WEIGHT
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Three ounces heavier than an umbrella.

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Featherweight WATERPROOF

A "Mattamac" is identical in appearance with the usual London three-guinea Weatherproof. In utility also, it equals its much more costly Competitor. It wears as long, weighs one-third and is absolutely waterproof. Though light and compact-folding, it is Wind-proof as well as Wet-proof, and can be used additionally as a light Overcoat for Driving, Motoring, etc.



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INTO A
HANDFUL**

"Matta" Fabric is intensely strong and exceedingly compact. The coat worn by the 6-ft. Civilian beneath, when folded, just made this handful.

This is an actual Photograph of his hand and "Mattamac." The illustrations beneath are, in each case, direct Drawings from Photographs of ordinary stock "Mattamac's."

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MODEL No. 1st is the same Coat, but with Belt to buckle, and Detachable Shoulder Straps.

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MODEL No. 1, \$10 The Lady "Mattamac."

MODEL No. 3 Wide-Skirted 22-oz. Cavalry "Mattamac." **\$14**

MODEL No. 2, \$10 The Civilian "Mattamac."

TIN 8 MODELS, 6 SHADES AND 40 SIZES The "Mattamac" is made for Ladies and Gentlemen, from \$10 up, and also for Children.

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Each "Mattamac" has wind-strapped adjustable cuffs, perpendicular pockets, lined shoulders, is conscientiously finished in all details, and is guaranteed to be made entirely from the genuine all-weather-proof "Matta" Fabric.

If your Dealer does not yet stock "Mattamac's" we supply direct. Send measurement around chest over waist-coat, state height, color, model, and enclose remittance.

FEATHERWEIGHT "MATTAC" FABRIC from which the "Mattamac" Weathercoat is entirely made, is a light-weight, closely-woven intensely-strong and compact-folding material. It is hard-wearing and absolutely waterproof—so waterproof that even wind-driven rain cannot penetrate a "Mattamac."

SENT DUTY, POSTAGE AND INSURANCE PAID ON 7 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL

After a week's trial, you can return a "Mattamac" if you wish. It is sent insured against Ocean Risk and Duty and Postage Paid for price. If it pleases you keep it. If not, you just send it back to the Manufacturers and the full price you have paid will be refunded by them. You take no risk whatever when you buy a "Mattamac."

SEND FOR "MATTAMAC" ART BOOKLETS, POST FREE

Send a postcard for the "Mattamac" Booklets "Series 91A" and free patterns of "Matta" Fabric. The series illustrates eight "Mattamac" Models, including Town and Sporting Models for Ladies and Gentlemen (\$10), the Lady Belted Model (\$12), and the Infantry Khaki Model so much worn in France (\$10). "Matta" Sou'westers, Pullovers, Trench and Fishing Waders, and "Matta Vests" have the same Weatherproof light-weight qualities. The Booklets describe them also. Write for Booklets "Series 91A" including prevailing shades of "Matta" Fabric, Ordering Forms, etc., to the Sole Makers of "Mattamac" Stormproofs.

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**WESTERN HOUSE,
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Lieutenant W. A. Harper
Seaforth Highlanders
Killed in Action on Western Battle Front

THE death of Lieut. Harper of the Seaforth Highlanders will have more than passing interest for *Western Home Monthly* readers, as he was married to Miss Irene Keane, of Edmonton and Brantford, Ont., one of the cleverest of the younger school of Canadian writers, and well known to the readers of these pages before the war. The marriage took place at All Saints' Pro-Cathedral, Edmonton, in January, 1914, the opening year of the war, and young Harper was called to the colors shortly afterwards. He was killed in action on April 15th, 1918, on ground made sacred by the blood of the very flower of British manhood.

The many friends of Mrs. Harper, whose literary labors were interrupted to take up war work, will learn with regret that the long strain of waiting, with the usual tragic ending of war, resulted in her becoming critically ill after her husband's death, but we hope that the fortitude she showed in facing death with her gallant husband will enable her to recover and continue her labors for others.

The Philosopher

Crooked Play

There is nothing in German literature corresponding either in spirit or in purpose with the boys' books, stories of adventure and sport and school life, which are so common throughout the whole English-speaking world. Nor are there in Germany boys' games of the same kind as are played by all English-speaking boys the world over. "Playing the game" is a phrase not understood in Germany. Hence it is that when a German, by association with English-speaking becomes interested in sport, he fails to measure up to their standard of fair play. He is ready to take an unfair advantage. In Germany physical force is glorified, and next to physical force—cunning. The gymnasium, the "turnverein," and the duel are the means of physical exercise and culture in German schools and colleges and universities—not football, or baseball, or cricket, or other games which depend less for their interest upon mere strength than upon skill and community-spirit. Writers of books for boys in the English language never fail to show up the emptiness and meanness of winning by discreditable means. Which does not mean that it is these books that form the characters and minds of English-speaking boys, but that books written in any other spirit would be scornfully cast away by English-speaking boys. In a word, the German has not been brought up to give the other fellow a fair chance. This has been demonstrated innumerable times on land and on sea since the war began.

Returned Soldiers as Civilians

There could be no more wrongful assumption than that which is at times in evidence in the discussion of the questions connected with the return of the soldiers from the war, namely, the assumption that the returned soldiers are to be a class distinct from the rest of the community. Nothing could be more harmful to the best interests of the returned soldiers themselves. They should be given honor and gratitude by their fellow-citizens, and they should be generously dealt with by the country, in whose service they gave with such supreme devotion, counting not the cost. They should have preferential treatment in all such matters as appointments to positions in the Dominion and the Provincial civil services for which they are fitted. But their sentiments and interests should in no wise be separated from the sentiments and interests of the rest of the citizenship of Canada. What the Canadians at the front are fighting for is to safeguard democracy. In time of peace it is only by vigilant faithfulness to the responsibilities of citizenship that self-government can be maintained in the full measure of its possibilities for good. The returned soldiers are to be counted upon to do their duty as citizens in working for honest and competent government in peace time, as they fought for democracy in the war, and in fighting graft, injustice and monopoly, as they fought the Huns.

Education and Democracy

Speaking of the rejection by the British House of Commons of the idea of lessening the time of compulsory school attendance, and the establishment of the principle of compulsory continued education up to the age of eighteen, the "London Times" says: "All this is not only to the good; it represents the greatest step forward in English education since 1870." It was in 1870 that the British system of national schools, corresponding to our public school system in this country, was established. When the new British national education system is in operation, it will be the greatest producer of national efficiency, in every best sense of that over-used word. Here in Canada, as in Great Britain, and in every land where anything like the full measure of the possibilities of true democracy are to be attained in just opportunities for all, there must be an ever-vigilant regard to the constant improving of public education along sane and truly democratic lines.

Kultur and Polygamy

One of the most amazing of German documents is the official, printed letter of instruction in regard to the "duty of filling the empty cradles of the Fatherland," of which letter copies have been found on the dead bodies of young German officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers. Numerous copies of this document are on file in the Belgian War Department in Havre, and in the French War Department in Paris, where Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis saw them. In his recently published book he gives this document in full. Rightly is Germany in league with polygamous Turkey. This document is addressed to both married men and to bachelors, and begins by pointing out "the grave peril which threatens the Fatherland by reason of the dwindling rate," and also by reason of the enormous German casualty lists. The language of the document is

carefully chosen, but its meaning is as plain as day. Furthermore, it proves that with characteristic German "thoroughgoing scientific efficiency," there is a tabulation of all the men to whom the document has been sent, and of what they are expected to do. Of a piece with all this is the suggestion openly made in the "Berlin Lokalanzeiger" recently that "every unmarried girl on reaching the age of twenty-five years, should be given the right to have one child born out of wedlock, for which she should receive from the State an annual allowance." When the foundations of the family are thus destroyed in a nation, that nation is surely on the down grade.

The Teutonic Moral Chaos

In considering the crimes of the Germans, unparalleled in history and incomprehensible by people truly touched by the spirit of Christianity, it is striking to observe how entirely consistent they are. Not one possible action of foul and pagan savagery has been omitted. Equally consistent is German diplomacy. And neither of these two things—Germany's treachery and savagery of outrage in carrying on the war and Germany's treacherous diplomacy can be explained without keeping the other in mind. The net result is, for Germany, moral "chaos worse confounded," to use a phrase from Milton—a welter of boasting, cruelty, cowardice, and cunning, and loud use of the name of God, and protestations that the German people are fighting a war of self-defence that was forced upon them, and all the rest of it. It is the duty of the civilized portions of the human race to deal with this criminal monster, so as to make the world safe for sane, decent humanity, to say nothing of making it safe for democracy.

Wilhelm the Feeble

If the Germans had been able, after forty years of preparation and four years of warfare, to enter Paris, Kaiser Wilhelm would have ridden in triumph at the head of his legions through the conquered city, and would have posed as the central figure of a pageant outstanding in splendor all preceding pageants in history, ancient and modern. He would regard himself as greater than Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Napoleon combined. But the plain, actual truth of the matter is that he has none of the qualifications of greatness. He is a flimsy, swaggering, vainglorious, strutting pretender. The legend of his greatness has been carefully planned and fostered by the Junker class in Germany, for their own purposes. He believes in it himself, and those near him know how to play on his belief and use it. It is not their monarch that the ruling class of Germany revere, but the idea of monarchy; but they see to it that the doctrine that the Emperor rules by divine right is implanted in the minds of the common people. And even people outside Germany have been imposed on by the carefully nurtured fiction of this man's ability to will evil and bring it to pass. He is a feeble thing, mentally and physically, made so by inherited disease. The word "Great" will never be written after his name by History, for he lacks the genius and intellect and personality to be great, even as a criminal. Without the job he was born into, his personal efforts could never have raised him to any higher place in the annals of crime than that of a cowardly highwayman who sneaks behind a defenceless old man in the dark, and murders and robs him.

War and the Red Cross

Nothing could be plainer than that it has been deliberately adopted by the Kaiser and his general staff as a military policy which the German forces on land, on sea, under the sea, and in the air are to carry out with their utmost diligence and effectiveness, that Red Cross establishments of the Allies—hospitals, or ships, or dressing stations, or whatever else—are to be attacked and, if possible, destroyed, as if they were part of the active combatant force the Allies. This commends itself to the German mind as logical; but, in reality, it is a revelation of an insanely savage lack of humanity in the German mind and character. No cold-blooded Kultur "reasoning" and "logic" in defence of the German warfare against the Red Cross can remove the infamy and the curse which German military brutality in making war on the Red Cross is putting upon the German name. It is stamping the German people deeply as a morally leprous people, who have deliberately destroyed in themselves that which distinguishes them from the gorillas and the other beasts of the jungle.

A Typical Manifestation

The rage of Germans wreaks itself rather more spontaneously, it would appear, upon a church than upon anything else. One of the latest manifestations

of this came a few weeks ago not from Belgium or France, but from the City of St. Louis, in Missouri, where there is a large German population. The pastor of the Hammett Place Presbyterian church in that city, Rev. W. G. Johnston, denounced from his pulpit the crimes of Germany. Now it is no very difficult thing to break into a church on this continent, because attacks on such edifices are unthought of as possibilities, and so churches are not guarded. And so certain Germans in St. Louis, by way of proving their devotion to the Hohenzollerns, wreaked revenge on Rev. M. Johnston for his truth speaking and his advocacy of the cause of right and of human freedom against German treachery and savagery, by damaging his church. What they did was thus described in the St. Louis Republic:

"When worshippers came to the church Sunday morning they found the interior in ruins. Furnishings had been torn from the walls, an American flag and a service flag torn to shreds, pulpit and pews hacked with axes, a piano destroyed and a Bible and numerous hymn books mutilated."

The Kaiser still professes to be exceedingly religious, and makes constant pretence of having God on his side. But neither he nor any other German imbued with the spirit and the doctrines of Kultur, have any respect whatever for religion, or for churches. To every such German religion, church organizations, and God himself, are mere servants and instrumentalities of the German national Kultur, which teaches that a people evolves its own religions from its own national needs, subordinating all the spiritual impulses of the individual to the compulsion of what Kultur describes as "the inner force of the people," and which means, of course, the State, as conceived by Kultur. Consequently there is no religion, no sacredness for the Germans to consider outside the peculiar product of their own State system. Kultur provides them with their own god and their own religion. All other religions are to them rubbish, and the ravaging and destruction of other peoples' churches are mere expressions of the German sacred idea of Hohenzollern supremacy over all.

Reaping the Whirlwind

An article in the "Berlin Tageblatt" (which, like other German newspapers, can be obtained in Switzerland and in Holland), is reproduced in the "London Times," stating that the robberies and burglaries in Berlin number more than three hundred a day, and that most of them are committed by deserters from the army. The "Kreuz Zeitung," another important German journal, after lamenting the increasing prevalence of crimes involving violence and brutality, says: "Fraud, embezzlement, speculation and deceit, these unhappily are the characteristics of German life at the present time. Our returning victorious warriors will be confronted with a terrible disillusionment, and our children will look back on these years as a time of the rankest barbarism, of unchecked criminality, and of utter absence of morals in large sections of the population." And yet this same journal, the "Kreuz Zeitung," which has always been a professedly religious journal, giving special attention to church news and the discussion of religious topics, continues to proclaim vehemently that Germany is waging a just war of self-defence, and it swallows as gospel truth all the falsehoods and chicanery of the Imperial Government at Berlin? In like manner the doctors of divinity in the German state church fail to see that when a nation, for the accomplishment of its purposes, displaces morality by deliberate outrage, that displacement will make itself felt at home as well as in the invaded countries where the policy of deliberate outrage is put in operation. The spirit that allows, even demands, as the expression of German thought and life, robbery, rapine, and murderous outrage of every sort in Belgium and Flanders and Serbia and Armenia, and against passenger ships and hospital ships at sea, and ruthlessly ignores every human right hitherto respected by civilized peoples, and glories in savage barbarities unequalled in all recorded history, is not going to pay attention to geographical limits, but will inevitably act in conformity and consistency with itself even in its home land. Germany is merely reaping what she has sowed.

The Enemy's Loss

During the most recent fighting on the western front the Allies have captured at least fifty thousand men; they must have killed outright as many more, while, judging by the experience of past encounters, the wounded amount to three times the dead. Two hundred and fifty thousand Germans have, therefore, been rendered harmless by the operations so successfully conducted—this is what has been achieved by the taking of those ruined hamlets and villages, and in no other way may peace be restored to a war-weary world.

Agricultural Education

By Geo. Batho, Editor Agricultural Publications, Manitoba Government.

What? Why? Who? How? When? Where?

THESE are standard interrogations in almost any field, and perhaps they may very appropriately serve to lead us along towards a discussion of agricultural education—a subject, by the way, that was never more important than just now.

What?

A great deal has been written on this question, but, after all, what is agricultural education? Is it simply a course at a school? Is it something that may be obtained only at a special institution?

Agricultural education is a great deal broader than that; and, of course, be it said to their credit, every agricultural college worthy of the name tries to impress this fact upon its students. No kind of knowledge can ever all be gathered and put into books; and, even if it could, the reading of the books could never be confined to the students of the colleges where special courses on these subjects are given.

It is really hard to frame a definition that is quite big enough to tell just all that agricultural education really is. The best I could write would be something like this: Agricultural education is that knowledge and that development of spirit that help a farmer to understand the natural laws that operate about him; that enable him to realize satisfaction and delight in a rural environment; and that relate his life as a farmer to other lives in the most helpful way.

Such a definition may seem to be abstract and vague; it provides a very large landscape, and its boundaries are almost lost in the remote distance. In the truest sense, however, an education might be compared even to a physical landscape. It is composed—or rather it grows out of—a great breadth of varying experiences; but it is always more than any single one of them. Here in the middle of the landscape is a field that we will call personal observation. In the realm of agricultural education it is a very important spot; but it is not the whole landscape. Over there is a plot that we may speak of as practical skill in doing farm work. That also is a fine field, and many a "greenhorn" at farming finds that it seems to be fenced with about ten strands of sharp barbed wire, so hard is it for him to place himself in the realm where he can do things with ease and skill; but, important as it is, it is not the whole landscape. Yonder, again, is another beautiful and productive field with an agricultural college in the midst of it, and it seems to occupy the most commanding swell in all the country that the eye can sweep; but still it is not the whole landscape. Here is another field, and in it there is a library of agricultural reading, open and practically free to all those who roam in. It is an important field; but it, again, fills only part of the landscape. One might go on and point out several more fields, each of which in turn would seem, upon examination, to be very important; but there is no need to do so because I think the point I had in mind has been made clear, namely, that our thought of education—whether agricultural or otherwise—ought to be broad enough to include all those experiences that come into a person's life with light and leading, and that makes for a fuller understanding and an easier harmony with one's environment.

Why?

Why should anyone wish an agricultural education rather than some other kind of training? In such a land as Western Canada it seems almost needless to write an answer. Our one conspicuous natural asset is our great heritage of fertile soil, only a small proportion of which is as yet being employed in any way comparable with its maximum use.

Offhand I can think of two special reasons furnished by the war. They are these:

First—The war will cripple and in-

capacitate for active farm life many a man who, before he went away, was a tiller of the soil. Here is a young man—I could tell you his name. Before the war he was a Saskatchewan homesteader. Today, with a permanently stiff knee, rendering it impossible for him to stoop or move about freely, he is learning a sedentary trade. Though the war is far from over, the name of such is already legion. The forced withdrawal from agriculture of every such young man means a vacancy and a need that must be filled by someone else who might not, under pre-war conditions, have taken to farming as a calling. This is one reason why an agricultural education is valuable.

Second—The second reason I think of, growing out of the war, is this: More and more it becomes plain that this is a war of exhaustion. It is a long and bitter process of national attrition. When the war ends, the world's cupboard will be about as bare as the famous larder of Old Mother Hubbard. Think of the long, long list of deaths among the soldiers on all the "fronts," and then think of the fact that in Europe, because of the war, more civilians, within the past four years, have died of starvation than the number of soldiers who have expired. It is true that there are surplus stocks of food in Australia and some of the other distant lands, but we have the authority of members of the Food Control Board for the statement that the proclamation of peace will almost surely increase, rather than diminish, the demand for food. I believe that to be strictly true. If peace were declared tomorrow, the whole of Europe would call to the outside world for food, and, even though the submarines were all swept from the seas, the depletion of the world's shipping would still continue to demand the shortest possible trips for the ships, with the increased demand for cargoes from such near at hand countries as Canada. Every scrap of knowledge that will help to increase Canadian food production will be of value not only so long as the war lasts, but also in a special way for years afterward. It is one of the functions of agricultural education to spread such knowledge.

But, quite apart from monetary or even humanitarian considerations, there are still other strong reasons for everyone learning all he can about farming.

Let us think of the matter of personal resourcefulness. That is a very important question; and I venture the statement that the well prepared farmer has, on the average, a greater sense of security for the years to come than almost any other class of citizen. We stumble against this fact almost every day. The doctor may poison his patient, and lose part of his practice; the dimmed sight of the artist makes him forsake his pen and brush; the voice of the preacher may fail him and force him to desert the pulpit; a new railroad may kill the town where the merchant owns his store. These things are happening every day, and very many men are finding that they must commence in mid-life to build their success on a foundation that they have never tried. Some of them turn to farming. During the past two years I have been surprised at the demand for agricultural bulletins that comes from city addresses—from people who, in some cases at least, wonder if they are going to be driven out of their present callings, and who think of farming as an occupation more stable than their own. An intimate knowledge of farming—an agricultural education—gives a comfortable and abiding sense of resourcefulness to its possession.

So true is this that sometimes I feel that in a country such as Canada there should almost be a compulsory measure to force all young people for their own future protection, to perform a certain amount of farm work, and thus acquire at least a rudimentary knowledge of farm methods. Even civilization will never carry us beyond the basic fact that farming must be done by somebody every year for the support of every person who does

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NO MATTER--

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PREVENTION OF DISEASES This book tells you why dogs get sick and so many thousands of pets die yearly through lack of sufficient knowledge of Dogology. It tells the dog's habits. It tells how to feed and how much and what. Giving exercises and how. In all, if the simple heeds are followed out you will have no sick dog or pet.

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not farm for himself; and the contribution of service that some people learn to offer the world in exchange for their food and clothing is so hopelessly non-essential and trivial as to make their lack of training along practical and necessary lines well nigh a criminal offense against society. No person, no matter how wealthy, ought ever to be raised with the idea that he is permanently and un-

assailably insured against the necessity of digging, at first hand, his living from the soil.

Who?

Under the last heading we have partially answered the query as to who should seek an agricultural education. To some extent, everybody should. No person is properly fitted to live in this world who is not comfortably possessed of a good speaking acquaintance with much of the common knowledge in the world of agriculture. There is ground for congratulation in the fact that agriculture is on the curriculum of studies for the higher grades of Manitoba public schools—even for the young folks of our cities.

But, of course, there are particular reasons why some should take the courses offered by the agricultural colleges and the short courses put on here and there in the country by the extension departments.

The Manitoba Agricultural College, for instance, is saying in the most practical way possible that many young women and those young men who are not called to serve with the colors—or at any rate a goodly percentage of them—should take at least one winter's course at St. Vital. I am convinced that the contention is strictly sound. Never before was there such cause for fear that we will neglect education. Thousands of our young men in the twenties who naturally would be at college, are away in the trenches. Their school course will never be completed. The home tasks are falling heavily upon the shoulders of the 'teen age boys; and the big wages and dire need for help on our farms are likely unduly to shorten many an education. In some cases this cannot be helped; the need for the boy at home is simply imperative. In other quarters, however, that is not so. It will be a case of balancing an outlay in wages for someone to take the boy's place against the chance for an education. I think that in offering a special course for boys 14 and 15 years of age, the Manitoba Agricultural College has done the eminently sane thing. In almost every rural community it is right at this age that the most conspicuous failure in our educational work is to be seen. The boy may have lost some ground by being out of school; there are thousands of such cases. With a grade five, six or seven standing, but a little over-sized for his classes, the fellow who should have gone on and rounded out a decent every-day education, begins to feel awkward, and quits school altogether. It is right here that special courses make their appeal, and certainly for our future farmers no other course can awaken so much interest and so answer the boy's need as a carefully planned term at a well equipped agricultural college.

But the agricultural college says that more than young people need special agricultural education. And so there are short courses of a particular nature for school teachers, returned soldiers, farm

engineers, and ministers. And the strange thing about it is that the better educated the person is before he commences one of these courses, the more benefit he seems to get from it.

How, When and Where?

Necessarily, the discussion under the preceding headings has anticipated the answer to these queries.

How is an agricultural education to be gained? By all means available. At an agricultural college? Certainly, if at all possible. That is the one agency that is specially equipped for giving such an education. But, whether one ever becomes a student there or not, the other factors must not be overlooked.

There is a direful neglect of the common opportunities open to everyone through wise reading. Young people should get the idea that the time spent on reading is really worth just as much as the time spent in the fields, and should employ it with equal wisdom and care.

The Canadian West has its full share of men who, with very scant schooling to commence with, have risen to strength, eminence and usefulness of a high order. In the very best sense, some of these men are highly educated. Some of them are farmers, and they might fairly claim to have possessed themselves of a reasonably strong agricultural education. But they did not do so by reading trash. They have done it by including solid books and serious, purposeful, informing papers and magazines in their home-reading course. You cannot sharpen an axe by rubbing it with putty; no more can anyone sharpen his intellect into the keenness of an adequate education by the use of only the "funny paper" and the sporting column.

Learn to see! One of the greatest things an agricultural college course can contribute is a keener and closer sense of sight—the habit of peering into and learning the cunning ways of Nature. Don't be afraid of declaring yourself a seven days in the week Nature student. Some of the best things they have to teach at an agricultural college are only Nature study, split up and classified under other names. Learn to read good agricultural and Nature books. Examine. Pull things apart. Once in a while, when you have a spare evening, try a few private exercises in writing down all you can see of some familiar object. Take the worst weed on the farm and write a complete description of it. Put down every last thing there is to say about it, describing it with the live specimens before you. Do the same thing with a flower, a wheat plant, a gopher or a sparrow. You will be surprised at how much new and delightful information you will gather. The late Dr. James Fletcher, then Dominion entomologist and botanist, told me that in writing the book "Farm Weeds," with the specimens before them, Mr. Gibson and he discovered several facts that never seemed to have been previously noted by anyone. The world is full of generally undiscovered wonders.

Judgment Reserved

An essayist and author of considerable repute whom a summer vacation has just freed from several neighboring students of lusty vocal powers tells the following story that will be appreciated in every lodging-house district:

A middle-aged and nervous tenant in an apartment-house had summoned his next-door neighbor, a young woman student at the conservatory, into court, and charged that the peace and quiet of his lodgings had been disturbed by her singing.

The court was inclined to regard the proceedings as unwarranted.

"How much do you sing?" he asked the defendant.

"Only two hours a day," she answered; "an hour in the morning and one at night."

"Two hours!" said the judge. "It appears unreasonable to complain of that."

"But, your honor," interposed the complainant, starting up excitedly, "I trust you will not decide the matter until you have heard the defendant sing."

The defendant was not at all loath to sing. In fact, her personal assurance and professional pride urged her to make the most of this opportunity in the interests of high art.

She began an aria from Wagner, but she had sung but four or five bars when the court interrupted her.

"That will do—that will do," he said. "No further testimony need be taken. The court's judgment is reserved."

"Deadheads."

A missionary was returning to Basel from Patagonia, bringing with him for the purposes of science a collection of Patagonian skulls. The customhouse officers, says the New York Evening Post, opened the chest, and informed the owner that the consignment must be classed as animal bones, and taxed at so much a pound.

The missionary was indignant. So the officials agreed to reconsider. When the waybill had been revised, it exempted the grim relics from duty in the following words:

"Chest of native skulls. Personal effects, already worn."

A Remarkable Discovery

The efficacy of the old-fashioned household duties as means of physical development is again hinted at by this bit from Success:

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father. "What won't science discover next! If that rod had straw at the other end, you'd be sweeping."

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suitably does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"

A lady who had arranged an authors' reading at her house succeeded in persuading her reluctant husband to stay home that evening to assist in receiving the guests. He stood the entertainment as long as he could—three authors, to be exact—and then made an excuse that he was going to open the front door to let in some fresh air. In the hall he found one of the servants asleep on a settee.

"Wake up!" he commanded, shaking the fellow roughly. "What does this mean, your being asleep out here? You must have been listening at the keyhole."

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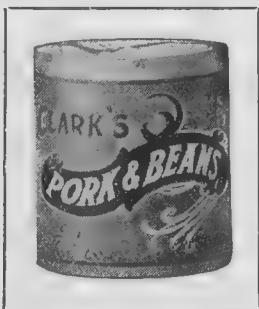
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"Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with
God;
But only he who sees, takes off his
shoes."

The farmer and the professor examining together the disease attack in the potato patch; the young man reading the latest bulletin or article on some practical farm problem; the youth working in the laboratory at the agricultural college; the father and his ten-year-old boy studying the habits of the birds in the fields—these are all representative activities in the big realm of agricultural education, and they help to suggest answers to the queries: What? Why? Who? How? When? and Where?

One Way of Doing It

"It is the duty of every one of you to make at least one person happy during the week," said the Sunday school teacher. "Have you?"

"I did," said Johnny promptly.

"That's nice. And what did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."

To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

International Aspects of Education

A new world order, based on mutuality and peace, must be reared when the Great War is over. That is an indispensable part of the programme for the future. To make that conceivable or possible the present struggle must be ended rightly. The German conception of world government must be eliminated. It is incompatible with any forecast of the future that we care to entertain. The Prussian doctrine is poison, which must be expelled. The only way it can be expelled is to prove to the Prussians by incontestable defeat that it will not pay. Such an ending of the war is a sine qua non, without which civilization might as well throw up the sponge. But surely mankind will not have to wade up to the chin in blood and agony again to learn a lesson that must be learnt. A new world order must be built, and it can be built only upon a new conception and a new practice. Of course there are people who deny the possibility of this. People grown old in the diplomacy of Europe may perhaps be pardoned if they are too disillusioned to consider the possibility of a new and better order. Intellectuals like the Dane Georg Brandes pooh-pooh the idea that this can be the last war. One of the worst features of the old diplomatic system is that it tyrannizes those who have been closest to it. Well, all one can say is that the conduct of the world must be given to fresher minds. Governing minds must henceforth see that a milestone has been passed—or, at any rate, that we are in the act of passing one. When certain events happen things are no longer the same. Old analogies fail. It was so after the discovery of America, so after the invention of printing, so after Copernicus. This war must register a sweeping change in international relationships. Otherwise eight million dead have died largely in vain. What has been omitted from previous plans for the governance of international relationships? The education in the proper spirit of whole peoples. First, service must be exalted as the ideal of peoples; and then this ideal is bound to express itself in international policy. Lloyd George recognizes this. Even more, because more systematically and nationally, President Wilson recognizes it. Wilson proclaims and elaborates the theory of brotherliness between the nations. He has recently declared to the South American republics that the United States genuinely wants to be their brother. Cynics may smile, but it is not to cynics that we must look for a way out of the present imbroglia. Canada, for example, is henceforth an integral element in the world's diplomacy. To-day the sea is nothing. It is conceivable that in six months airships will be crossing the Atlantic in forty or fifty hours. Insularity is done with. Chinese walls are things of the past. We must get a basis on which we can live together. Every one-legged man on the streets of Canadian cities is a proof that henceforth Canada must reckon on being a part of the world's diplomacy. What is the nature of the influence that Canada is going to exert on the world's diplomacy, of whose mistakes on any large scale she must henceforth always be the victim? Will she make her influence felt for steady civilization or for recurrent barbarism? The answer will be found in the character of the education given to the Canadian people. It is our business to answer for ourselves. The same duty falls equally imperatively on other peoples. Education has a vast national significance.

Plus Ultra

Men, states, institutions, lose their impulse. How often the career of an individual man is arrested. His activity lessens, ceases. The cause is often deep-seated. Into that I cannot go. Often circumstances are against him, and that should make us slow to pass judgment. I have had sharp lessons as to the unfairness of passing slashing judgment, myself. At other times, needless to say, the man himself is to blame. The canker was at his heart. Instead of wrenching it out, he dallied with it. 'It is the little rift within the lute that by and by will make the music mute.' It is the same with states. They grow with crescent force. They seem gifted with perennial life. By and by their pace slackens. They practise camouflage, but at length the disintegration becomes unmistakable. They yield place, decline and fall. 'Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?' Byron exclaims. Think of the Viking races. How they flamed over Europe for centuries, sacking, slaying, but also founding states, politics, governments. Then the force in them died away. So with institutions. They grow painfully at first. They wax strong and multiply their influence. A static period comes, then they hold their own, but do not extend their borders. Disintegration sets in. 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.' These men, nations, institutions, have lost their initial impulse. Instead of living vitally, they vegetate. Instead of keeping their face toward the future, they try to subsist on their own past. They forget the motto 'Plus ultra.' There is a poem about Columbus that ends with a haunting phrase. The Genoese navigator is aiming across the Atlantic. Behind, the pillars of Hercules. Before him

not a ghost of shores, before him only 'shoreless seas!' The pilot fears a storm. 'Pray, master, what shall we do?' 'Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on.' So Columbus. So all, in whom the spirit of a vital life is. 'Sail on.'

Significance of Incidents

Riding in a street car on College street, Toronto, this summer, I saw a man lying on the boulevard. A handkerchief was thrown over his face. About him a crowd was gathered. A policeman stood near him, questioning bystanders and taking notes. Consider the elements that entered into this scene. First there was the fact of death, for next morning I learned from the papers that the man was dead. Death is everywhere. No matter how idyllic the scene, if there have for any length of time been men and women there, there death will have intruded. I remember how shocked I was when I saw the beginnings of a grave-yard at Peachland, B.C. At the time in question it was a new settlement. All seemed peace and joy. Blue lake, swelling mountains, pleasant orchards, horse-back riding, minimum of labor, picnics, joy—these were what I had so far seen. But suddenly this grim fact of death thrust itself on me. Death would come—even here! Then the crowd suggested two things: curiosity and sympathy. Wherever there are men and women and little children, you will find both. Besides, the policeman symbolized society. He represented the power of the state. The normal had given place to the abnormal. A man had had a seizure of some sort. He had been lifted from a car. There he lay, and beside him stood the representative of the ordered life of the community.

Amplius

I heard a Guelph preacher tell an effective story this summer. Michael Angelo came one day into the studio of Raphael. The younger painter was absent. On the easel was a partly-finished picture. Angelo looked at it for a moment, then stooped and wrote on a corner of the canvas the one word: Amplius—paint your picture on a larger scale. A great lesson there, for us all. Let us all paint our pictures on a more generous scale. But I find that I am on the point of utilising the preacher's materials. He himself went on to say: There are certain things that cabin, crib, confine the picture that is our life, or that our life, inevitably, is. Some of these are: selfishness, prejudice, pessimism. Indulge any of these, and you grow, fatally, smaller. There are other things that make us bigger, that enable us, nay, that constrain us, to 'enlarge our tents.' Some of these are, the reading of great books, service, and prayer. So the preacher said, and my experience tallies with his words.

The Unifying of Canada

Canada is more at one to-day than ever before in its history. Needless to say, the process is not complete. Nor will it ever be, absolutely complete. But the grand point is that we should aim at making it complete. Only so can even relative unity be achieved. 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' is the condition of rising. Aim at the highest, or you won't attain the high. I say that, at least in potentiality, we are more nearly one to-day than ever before in our history. What has brought this about? Undoubtedly the war-effort of the people. There is to-day in Canada hardly a consciousness of political parties, as such. The acerbity of religious denominations has largely died away. Communities are capable of unified action as never before. The time is ripe for energizing the whole people with a common sense, a common consciousness, and a common ideal!

The State

The recent registration of the man and woman power of Canada was a significant and potential act. I pass through a post-office or a Y.M.C.A. rotunda. I see a small table. About it are gathered a number of persons—mostly women, perhaps. A man is writing, prompted or questioned by a woman. What is going on? A laborer, perhaps of foreign birth, is writing. What? Where he was born, when, how many children he has, what his line of work is. For whom or for what is this information? Whose business is it? Answer: It is the state's business, the nation's business. Notice there to all and sundry, notice unmistakable and final, that no man liveth unto himself. Each is part of an organism from which he derives advantages, and to which he owes obligations. Salutary, decidedly. Let us learn to live as well as to die for this impalpable yet majestic thing, the State. Let us make it what we want it to be, then labor and live and die for it. Without this temper, whatever else we have, we shall not be or have a great state. 'Oh, mother, that I may be better from day to day so that I may be worthy to die for beloved France.' So ran a sentence in a letter found in the pocket of a dead French boy of eighteen. This was the thought of his State with which that boy was daily living. This is the spirit of France. That was what made Verdun possible. The boy did not trump that up just the day he wrote it. It was

that thought of France that he carried to the battlefield. That is what makes France imperishable. Germany cannot crush her so long as that image of her lives in the hearts of the sons of France.

Lifted to the —nth Power

Great things are being done and said in the world. In Canada as elsewhere. The air-man that brought down Von Richthofen, the premier Ace of Germany was young Brown, born at Carleton Place, Ontario, and schooled, so they say, in Alberta. The son of an old classmate of mine, H. S. Rosevear, of Port Arthur, recently crashed to the earth after bringing down his twenty-third German plane. Young Mulock, of Winnipeg, is now on the supreme Administrative Board of the British Air Service in London. I am fascinated by cases like that of Mulock. For years, after I first came to Winnipeg, I used to see W. Redford Mulock walking with his boy and girl almost every morning as the two went to school on Carlton street. I said to Mr. Mulock the other day: 'That must have been good stuff you talked to that boy of yours on Carlton street years ago.' Great things done and great things said on every hand these days. I had a little meeting of citizens in Brantford the other day. A member of the Canadian Parliament present said: 'I have three sons in France. I have said to each of them: 'If you die at the age of nineteen, or twenty-one, or twenty-three, you will have lived to better purpose than any of your ancestors that lived to be eighty.' It would be hard to beat that. That is the spirit that will make Canada.

A Talk With a Cigar-Man

I had a chat with a cigar manufacturer the other day—the first one I ever talked to. He was rather flashily dressed. I did not expect that I should learn much from him when I sat down beside him. But, in the actual event, I do not know that I ever got so many facts from a man before, in so short a time. First, I learned that the prohibition of the liquor traffic had played ducks and drakes with the cigar business. He had three hundred hands before the war; now he has seventy. How did this come about? Well, a big percentage of the cigars were bought in bars. The treating system enlarged the sales enormously. Many of the cigars thus sold were never smoked. Drunken men lean against bars and break them, or light them, smoke a few puffs and then throw them away. Secondly, this flashily dressed man, who looked so unpromising at first, declared that he was well pleased with the change. The bar business threw him into association with undesirable people. He was glad to be rid of this class of trade. I questioned him about this class of former customer. Poor stuff, for the most part. When prohibition came in Saskatchewan, for example, he had \$25,000 standing out there, he said. Four out of fifty of his debtors in this particular class paid in full, three more paid in part, the rest defaulted. Thirdly, he is now selling fewer goods, but is making more money than ever. Some will think this the full explanation of his contentment. But I don't think so. There is no use putting the worst interpretation on what people say. If you go into that business, you are never through, and life becomes a pretty unattractive affair. No, I think my man was pleased, in part at least, on the higher ground that he alleged. Why was he making more money than ever? There are some obvious causes, no doubt, but for one thing, he said, he had cut down his expenses. He had reduced the number of his travellers; he was working harder than he ever had in his life before. 'I can do as much work and sell as many goods as any three travellers I ever had.' Which made me think of an old fable of La Fontaine's: A stag strayed by accident into a stable. The horses and the cows told him he would soon be done for. He begged them to cover him up with straw. They did so in pity. Already in anticipation he breathed the air of the forests and the hillsides. Servant after servant came. No detection. At last the master comes. He scans the harness on the pegs, and notes whether every collar and hame and trace is in its proper place. He calls for the servants and orders every cobweb to be swept from ceiling and wall. At last his eye falls on the unusual heap of straw where the poor stag lies. The stag never again roamed through the forest or drank of the stream by moonlight! Arch old La Fontaine entitled his fable: 'L'Oeil du Maître'—'The Master's Eye.'

Unhappy Russia

Events have come full circle in Russia. Lenin, the president of the so-called 'Soviet republic,' makes infrequent appearances in public and is then always protected by an armed guard as a protection against the social revolutionaries who plan his assassination, and arbitrary trials and executions are the order of the day. This means simply that Russia has exchanged Romanoff for Bolshevik as dictator. Russia is no more a democracy to-day, in so far as the rule of the Soviet government goes, than it was in the height of absolutism under the rule of the most reactionary of the czars.

What Germany Covets

Points to Remember

1. Germany has grown to be what she is by war and war alone, and especially by the three short successful and lucrative wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870 against Denmark, Austria, and France respectively. Germans have been taught to regard war as a paying business.

2. Germany has for long been intensely jealous of England and, for many years, has been working, with infinite cunning, for the undoing of the British Empire and British trade, in order to secure the military and commercial domination of the world by sea and land.

3. Germany hoped to attain her ends by "peaceful penetration." When peaceful penetration was found to be too slow, she deliberately decided in 1911 or early in 1912 to bring on war after the harvest of 1914. By 1914 the widening and deepening of the Kiel Canal, to admit the large Dreadnoughts, would be completed. The war began with the attack on Serbia in order to clear the road to the East. The murder of the Archduke, arranged by German agency, was the immediate pretext.

4. German writers say openly that the main keystone of the British Empire is Egypt and the Suez Canal, and that "if England loses the Canal all the bands of the Empire are loosened." We should then only be able to use that route to the East by and with the leave of Germany.

5. Germans never expected England to come into this war; hence their rage and hatred which has been vented on British prisoners by cowardly ill-treatment. They calculated on being allowed to defeat France and Russia, and then, having secured one position in Belgium and on the coast of Flanders, and another in Asia Minor, whence Egypt and the Canal could be threatened and attacked, England would be easy to deal with.

6. The great scheme for the creation of a Central Europe, for bringing the Balkan States (Serbia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Montenegro) and all the Turkish Dominions under the control of Berlin, has been assiduously preached in Germany for many years. Maps depicting "Greater Germany" with a population estimated to reach 250 millions by the year 1950 were widely circulated on post cards eight years before the war.

7. Central Europe ("Mittel Europa") would be a great belt of territory stretching 3,000 miles from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf and served throughout Asia Minor by the Bagdad Railway, built and controlled by Germans. Germany would thus divide and dominate Europe and the world. From a strong strategical centre round Aleppo she could then destroy Britain's positions in Egypt and the East, seize her trade route to India, and undermine British supremacy there.

8. A ship canal through Bavaria is now under construction from the Rhine to the Danube, and another canal between the Elbe and the Danube is approved, if not commenced. These constitute one of our greatest dangers, yet one but little known in Britain. If Turkey, Roumania, and Bulgaria remain in the power of Germany, she will control the Bosphorus and the mouth of the Danube. Destroyers and submarines in large numbers could then be brought across Europe to behind the Dardanelles, whence they could make navigation in the Eastern Mediterranean intensely dangerous, whilst Germany and Turkey, supported by an unassailable railway, could attack Egypt through Palestine. Our whole position in the East would be in constant peril.

9. Germans said that we were no longer any use as fighters and that our constant appeals to them to reduce armaments showed we were afraid of them. They said "You are an effete and decadent race a mere nation of shopkeepers, so get out and get under—get out of your Empire and get under us."

10. Our reply is: "You are a race of arrogant and brutal bullies, and our people know what it would be to be under you. We have in this war proved that we are the better fighters; we are not going out of our Empire at your bidding, and we shall fight on and beat you as the only way of securing peace in the world."

11. Privations in Germany are steadily becoming more severe. German "agents" are now busily engaged all over the world designing to bring about a "peace by negotiation." Such a peace under present circumstances would be a German victory.

Even if she consented to evacuate France and Belgium, a peace leaving her in possession or control of the territory she now occupies in the Near East would mean that she had won the war and obtained a position from which she could most certainly break up our Empire in the near future.

12. Besides the capture of Egypt for Turkey, part of the German scheme was the establishment of a huge "Central Africa." This, as set out on German maps, would embody the whole of tropical Africa from east to west. From the Eastern harbours Germany could dominate the Indian Ocean, and from the Western the whole of the Atlantic. By cruel exploitation of the less warlike tribes and by forced labour under the whip, and by arming and organising the more warlike of the natives, Germany has been able to use her African Colonies for supplying cheap raw materials for her home industries for successful competition with those of other nations.

13. Germany threatened Portugal with her Fleet in 1905 in trying to obtain concessions for a coaling station in the Island of Madeira. England, on an appeal from her ally Portugal, stopped this design by a move of the British Fleet, and Germany climbed down. America would have strongly supported England's action, and could not tolerate a German Madeira transformed into a submarine base on the important trade routes. If England in future is not strong enough to protect

Portugal from being robbed of Madeira and possibly also of the Azores, which as a submarine base would dominate the whole Atlantic, she could not prevent Germany taking the Faroe Islands. With submarine bases thus established—to the North of the Shetlands and in the middle of the Atlantic—British trade routes would be held in a vice.

14. One side or the other must win. A drawn war is a German victory. Dr. Paul Lensch, Socialist Member of the Reichstag, said recently: "Germany will have won the war if she does not lose it; but England will have lost the war if she does not win it."

15. We hope, after this war, to see an improved standard of living and better social conditions. We hope that, as all classes have fought and died together in this war, so all classes may join in creating a happier and more contented England. How is this possible if Germany threatens us at vital points, forcing us to maintain a large and expensive army at home and corresponding garrisons abroad?

16. There can be no lasting peace in the world with an unconquered Germany unless other nations have been so utterly crushed or terrified by German strength and methods that there is no further fight left in any of them. We must fight on now and prove to the German people that, with all the world against them on account of their faithlessness and brutalities, aggressive militarism does not pay.

The Earl of Denbigh.

A Hearty Farewell

The old friends had enjoyed their three days together, in spite of the fact that tact was not a conspicuous quality of either of them.

"You have quite a pretty place here John," said the guest, as he took a final look about him on the morning of his departure. "Quite a pretty place though it looks a bit bare as yet."

"Oh, that's because the trees are so young," said the host, comfortably. "I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again. Then you'll see how much improved the place will be," and they shook hands with mutual affection and goodwill.

Proof Positive

"How are you to-day, John?" said a landlord to one of his tenants, whom he met on the street.

"Vera weel, sir, vera weel," answered John, in his usual way, "if it wisna for the rheumatism in my right leg."

"Ah, well, John, be thankful; for there is no mistake, you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age does not come alone."

"Auld age, sir!" replied John. "I wonder to 'ear ye. Auld age has nae-thing to do wi't. Here's my ither leg jist as auld, and it is quite sound and soople yet."

WHAT GERMANY COVETS.



Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Since last writing for this page I have attended the Calgary, Edmonton, Brandon and Regina fairs and the impression which remains most clearly in my mind is the marked advance made by all **Fairs** the fairs, in the care for women and children and the increased attention to educational exhibits. These improvements have come in years in which exhibition managers have been hard pressed for funds, have been short of expert assistance and are therefore a very really proof of the desire of fair boards to give the people of the west value for their money.

At Edmonton the greatest advance has been made in the care of children. The grounds lend themselves to the work and a well shaded bit of lawn has been fenced high with chicken wire and in it sand piles, swings and teaters provide entertainment for the tots of three and upward. The entry to this juvenile paradise is through the hallway of a comfortable little house which has been erected as a day nursery for the babies. Here mother who wishes to see the fair, may check baby in, with full confidence that it will be cared for by conscientious workers under the direction of a trained nurse. Cool, clean and free from flies this little home will accommodate fifty or sixty babes at once while the lawn outside will care for at least a hundred. This nursery is next door to an equally cool clean little hospital, where first aid can be administered in case of accident to anyone on the grounds, while beside it an ambulance is maintained by the fair board, ready for any serious emergency which may arise.

Saskatoon comes next to Edmonton in care of children having the fenced plots and tents for the babies and hopes to have a permanent building next year. At Saskatoon the greatest advance has been made in providing comfortable rest rooms for women themselves. This year a huge circus tent, more than sixty feet long, was furnished with cots that could be screened off and here a tired woman could slip off her shoes, lie down for a hour and when she got up have a wash and brush up and, if she wished, and was willing to pay a very modest price for it, a cup of tea. There was rarely a vacant cot in this tent in the afternoons.

At Brandon the two outstanding features were the splendid exhibit of the Provincial health board and the illustrated and demonstrated exhibit of the agricultural college.

The board of health laid the emphasis on the welfare of the babies and merely to walk through the building and look at the model cots, chairs, clothing, baths, etc., for baby was an education in itself. A baby clinic was held in a large tent in the rear and many a mother went home with a different angle on the importance of having seemingly small ills with baby remedied at once.

The nurses in charge of this department hardly drew a long breath all week. The department first made an exhibit two years ago and at that time there were only two district nurses in Manitoba in government employ, now there are eighteen and before next Christmas there will be twenty-five.

At Regina on the second story of the building under the fireproof grandstand there is a big rest room for women, with a nursery off it. The rooms were large, airy and cool and so far as women merely wishing to rest were all right, but it was not a good place for a nursery as the children had to be carried up a long flight of outside steps and there was no place for children, old enough to move about, to play. The Regina grounds are unfortunately entirely devoid of trees so that it is difficult to provide such accommodation as prevails at Edmonton and Saskatoon, but it would be entirely possible to provide a large tent roof over a wired in enclosure and have swings and sand piles under it and it would be decidedly better to have a small building or a large tent near this for the care of the babies.

It is rather sorrowful to have to relate that some women took advantage of the kindness and consideration of the fair boards in providing these day nurseries and left their children for an entire day without ever going to see how they were getting on. Some foolish and flighty young mothers left nursing babes for five and six hours at a stretch. It seems

incredible that there can be such people in the world, but seeing is believing and I saw it with my own eyes.

It would be a gracious thing if women who have enjoyed the comforts of the rest rooms and the nurseries would write a line to the management of the various fairs and state their appreciation. It never does any harm to say "thank you kindly" when you get real service.

There should be one or two women on the board of every large fair in western Canada and they should be given charge of all this work for women. It would

Women on Board

relieve the male members of the board enormously and, without casting any reflection on the work already done by the men, there are many details that would add enormously to the comfort of the women and children which only women can look after. One woman at least, on every fair board, should be a graduate nurse. Women are coming to the front everywhere and it is only right that they should take their share of the burden and responsibility which goes with these sections of an exhibition.

During the month I had an amusing experience over fording a river. Let me say at once I am an arrant coward about fording rivers, my experience justifies the cowardice for twice I have narrowly escaped drowning crossing fords which my driver, according to his own story, knew to be absolutely safe.

So one day when we came to a spot on the Old Man river, where a bridge should have been and was not, I firmly refused to go over either in the motor car or in the wagon that was being used to draw it across the river. The young Indian who had assured us that the river was no more than 2½ feet deep and that a motor could go through it easily regarded me with scorn but inquired if "I would be afraid to cross in a boat?" I assured him that I would be delighted to go over in a boat, but where was the boat? The boat it appeared was on the other side of the river and he would tow the motor car over and come back in the boat for this "champion coward." So our motor, a Ford sedan, of all things, was hitched to the back of a small truck to which was attached a span of heavy draft horses. The Indian stood up on the truck and started to drive down the bank into the river which was very wide and very swift. The motor rocked and swayed and presently the water was well up above the wheels. The ford was not straight across first up stream and then on an angle. It was Sunday and all the children from the Indian mission, the girls in the gayest of red, blue and pink frock, were ranged along the opposite side of the river cheering and gesticulating. Finally the passage was made and the Ford sedan arrived once more on terra firma. To my lasting amazement when it was cranked the engine started without a hitch. My Indian friend then made good his promise and came over in the boat for me. The whole scene was irresistibly funny and I only regret having no camera with me to immortalize it for the benefit of readers of this page. While the car was being hauled across the river a young Indian rode up to the top of a little promontory and motionless as if cast in bronze he watched proceedings without the shadow of a smile. He was silhouette between us and the sunset and might have ridden out of one of Fennimore Cooper's novels. The face was finely cut as a cameo, (indeed he was the handsomest man, red or white, I have ever seen.) He had a fringed buckskin hunting shirt and leggings, a red silk handkerchief around his throat and a wide sombrero and was mounted on a truly Pinto pony. After watching him for a few moments it required a mental effort to realize that after all we were in the 20th century and not far from one of the thriving towns of the progressive west.

When you make long rounds through country burned to a crisp for lack of rain it needs little amusing interludes to get one through the days.

Following the days of drought in the south and west the country has been visited with heavy frosts in the north and once more the prairie provinces are facing a materially damaged crop. The outlook is disheartening to the whole west but must be doubly so for those who labored so whole heartedly to increase production.

There is nothing that can be said to improve the outlook it is one of those

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things which must be endured, but my heart goes out in warmest sympathy to the women on the dried out and frozen out farms. It is hard to have faith under such conditions and yet without faith how could life be born in such trying circumstances.

Reasonable

Sometimes there are good reasons for begging. Not long ago, says the Baltimore American, a gentleman was accosted by a beggar on the street, who asked pitifully for some money. The gentleman looked at him keenly for a moment, and then said:

"See here, you are the man who struck me for a dime three days ago."

"Yes, sir," said the beggar, "but do me best, I can't keep me expenses any lower than three and a third cents a day."

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy who was conducting her. "I ain't a-goin' to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that just because I'm from the country—

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short.

"Get in, mum. Get in," he ordered. "This ain't yer room. This is the elevator."

An Eastern college graduate applied for work in a Michigan lumber camp. He was told to get busy on none end of a cross-saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced at the end of the second day the young man's strength began to wane. Suddenly the old man stopped the saw and spat.

"Sonny," he said, not unkindly, "I don't mind yer ridin' on this saw, but if it's jest the same to you I wish you'd keep yer feet off the ground."

"I'm a terror. I be," announced the new arrival in Frozen Dog to one of the men behind the bar.

"Be ye?"
"Takes three men to handle me, once I get started," he went on.

"Oh, well," he remarked, as he arose painfully and dusted off his clothes, "of course, if ye're shorthanded, I suppose two kin do it on a pinch."

Little Johnnie, who had been praying for some months for God to send him a baby brother, finally became discouraged. "I don't believe God has any more little boys to send," he told his mother, "and I'm going to quit it."

Early one morning not long after this he was taken into his mother's room to see twin boys who had arrived in the night. Johnnie regarded them thoughtfully for some minutes.

"Gee," he remarked finally, "it's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."

"How's times?" inquired a tourist.

"Oh, pretty tolerable," responded the old native who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but a cyclone came along and saved me the trouble."

"Fine."
"Yes, and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burnin' it."

"Remarkable. But what are you doing now?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Jest waitin' for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

The Sense of Nonsense

By Carolyn Wells

On a topographical map of literature, Nonsense would be represented by a small and sparsely settled country, neglected by the average tourist, but affording keen delight to the few enlightened travellers who sojourn within its borders. It is a field which has been neglected by anthologists and essayists; its only serious recognition, so far as we know, being a few pages in a certain "Treatise of Figurative Language," which says: "Nonsense; shall we dignify that with a place on our list? Assuredly will vote for doing so everyone who hath at all duly noticed what admirable and wise uses it can be, and often is, put to, though never before in rhetoric has it been so highly honored. How deeply does clever or quaint nonsense abide in the memory, and for how many a decade from earliest youth to age's most venerable years."

Perhaps, partly because of this neglect, the work of the best nonsense writers is less widely known than it might be.

But a more probable reason is, that the majority of the reading world does not appreciate or enjoy real nonsense, and this, again, is consequent upon their inability to discriminate between nonsense of integral merit and simple chaff.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it. Never in the tongue
Of him that makes it,

and a sense of nonsense is as distinct a part of our mentality as a sense of humor, and is by no means identical therewith.

It is a fad at present for a man to relate a nonsensical story, and then if his hearer does not laugh he says, gravely: "You have no sense of humor. That is a test story, and only a true humorist laughs at it." Now, the hearer may have an exquisite sense of humor, but he may be lacking in a sense of nonsense, and so the story gives him no pleasure. De Quincey said, "None but a man of extraordinary talent can write first-rate nonsense." Only a short study of the subject is required to convince us that De Quincey was right; and he might have added, none but a man of extraordinary taste can appreciate first-rate nonsense. As an instance of this, we may remember that Edward Lear, "the parent of modern nonsense writers," was a talented author and artist, and a prime favorite of such men as Tennyson, and the Earls of Derby; and John Ruskin placed Lear's name at the head of his list of the best hundred authors.

The sense of nonsense enables us not only to discern pure nonsense, but to consider intelligently nonsense of various degrees of purity. Absence of sense is not necessarily nonsense, any more than absence of justice is injustice.

Etymologically speaking, nonsense may be either words without meaning, or words conveying absurd or ridiculous ideas. It is the second definition which expresses the great mass of nonsense literature; but as there is a small proportion of written nonsense which comes under the head of language without meaning, it may be well to dispose of that first.

But again, there are verses composed entirely of words without meaning, which are not nonsense literature, because they are written with some other intent.

The nursery rhyme, of which there are almost as many versions as there are nurseries,

Eena, meena, mona, mi,
Bassalona, bona, stri,
Hare, ware, frown, whack,
Halico, balico, we, wi, wo, wack,

is not strictly a nonsense verse, because it was invented and used for "counting out," and the arbitrary words simply take the place of the numbers 1, 2, 3, etc.

Also, in the case of the nonsense-verses with which students of Latin composition are sometimes taught to begin their efforts, where words are used with no relative meaning, simply to familiarize the pupil with the mechanical values of quantity and metre. It is only nonsense for nonsense' sake that is now under our consideration.

Doubtless the best and best-known example of versified words without meaning is "Jabberwocky." To us who know our Alice it would seem unnecessary to quote this poem here, but it is a fact that among the general reading community, the appreciators of Lewis Carroll are surprisingly few.

A man who writes for the leading literary reviews, when asked recently if he had read "Alice In Wonderland," replied, "No; but I mean to. It is by the author of 'As In a Looking-Glass,' is it not?"

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought.
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callooh! callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Although (notwithstanding Lewis Carroll's explanations) the coined words are absolutely without meaning, the rhythm is perfect and the poetic quality decidedly apparent, and the poem appeals to the nonsense-lover as a work of pure genius. Bayard Taylor is said to have recited "Jabberwocky" aloud for his own delectation until he was forced to stop by uncontrollable laughter.

Here is another nonsense-verse of great merit, though compared with "Jabberwocky" it is unmusical:

When sporgles spanned the floreate mead
And cogwogs gleet upon the lea,
Uffia popped to meet her love
Who smeeged upon the equat sea.

Dately she walked aglost the sand;
The boreal wind seet in her face;
The moggling waves yalped at her feet;
Pangwangling was her pace.

This verse when published, was merely signed H. R. W.

But of far greater interest and merit than nonsense of words, is nonsense of ideas. Here, again, we distinguish between nonsense and no sense. Ideas conveying no sense are often intensely funny, and this type is seen in some of the best of our nonsense literature.

A perfect specimen is the bit of evidence read by the White Rabbit at the Trial of the Knave of Hearts:

They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him;
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true);
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.

One charm of these verses is the serious air of legal directness which pervades their ambiguity, and another is the precision with which the metrical accent coincides exactly with the natural emphasis. They are marked, too, by the liquid euphony that always distinguishes Carroll's poetry. Contrast the following, written by Henry Cogswell Knight in 1815:

Lunar Stanzas

Night saw the crew like peddlers with
their packs

Altho' it were to dear to pay for eggs;
Walk crank along with coffin on their
backs

While in their arms they bow their
weary legs.

And yet 'twas strange, and scarce can
one suppose

That a brown buzzard-fly should steal
and wear

His white jean breeches and black wool-
len hose.

But thence that flies have souls is very
clear.

But, Holy Father! what shall save the
soul.

When cobblers ask three dollars for
their shoes?

When cooks their biscuits with a shot-
tower roll.

And farmers rake their hay-cocks with
their hoes.

Yet, 'twere profuse to see for pendant
light.

A tea-pot dangle in a lady's ear;
And 'twere indelicate, although she
might

Swallow two whales and yet the moon
shine clear.

But what to me are woven clouds, or
what,

If dames from spiders learn to warp
their looms?

If coal-black ghosts turn soldiers for the
State.

With wooden eyes, and lightning-rods
for plumes?

Oh! too, too shocking! barbarous, savage
taste!

To eat one's mother ere itself was
born!

To gripe the tall town-steeple by the
waste.

And scoop it out to be his drinking-
horn.

No more; no more! I'm sick and dead and
gone;

Boxed in a coffin, stifled six feet deep;
Thorns, fat and fearless, prick my skin
and bone.

And revel o'er me, like a soulless sheep.

A well-known one of an older type is
Thomas Moore's

Nonsense

Good reader, if you e'er have seen
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,

The mermaids with their tresses green
Dancing upon the western billow.

If you have seen at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper-hymn

Floats wild along the winding shore,
The fairy train their ringlets weave

Glancing along the spangled green
If you have seen all this, and more,

God bless me! what a deal you've seen!

In the early part of the seventeenth
century, Bishop Corbet wrote the follow-
ing nonsense:

Like to the thundering tone of unspoke
speeches,

Or like a lobster clad in logic breeches,
Or like the gray fur of a crimson cat,

Or like the mooncalf in a slipshod hat,
E'en such is he who spake, and yet, no
doubt,

Spake to small purpose when his tongue
was out.

A slightly different type is found in
verses that refer to objects in terms of the
opposite of true, thereby suggesting lu-
dicrous incongruity.

Here is one from Punch:

Ballad of Bedlam

Oh, lady wake! the azure moon
Is rippling in the verdant skies,
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebon morn afar.
While through the murmur of the light
The huntsman winds his mad guitar.
Then, lady wake! my brigantine
Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;
Till the creation I am thine,
To some rich desert fly with me.

Another:

'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is slowly rising in the west;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest.
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious, leap from bough to bough.

Another of this kind is the tale from
Mother Goose of three children, which
was first published in 1662 and was sung
to the tune of "Chevy Chase."

Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you too that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

Slightly different from these is the
nonsense-verse that uses word-effects,
which have been confiscated by the poets
and tacitly given over to them.

A fair example of this is

Blue Moonshine

Mingled aye with fragrant yearnings,
Throbbing in the mellow glow,
Glint the silvery spirit-burnings,
Pearly blandishments of woe.

Aye! forever and forever,
Whilst the lovelorn censers sweep,
Whilst the jasper winds dis sever
Amber-like the crystal deep,

Shall the soul's delirious slumber,
Sea-green vengeance of a kiss,
Teach despairing crags to number
Blue infinities of bliss.

Also this touching quatrain:

Oh! to be wafted away
From this black Aecladama of sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthy to-day
Makes the earth of a dusty to-morrow.

The following verses by Barry Pain are
in a similar vein, but in their mechanical
form they belong to the department of
parody.

The lilies lie in my ladies' bower,
(Oh! weary mother drive the cows to
roost);

They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand,
(Oh! weary mother drive the cows to
roost);

She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now—you understand!
(Oh! weary mother drive the cows to
roost);

Burns gives us:

Ken ye aught o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago,

If he's 'mang his freens or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo and ago;

And eaten like a weather haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Young People

Five Miles Out

"I don't want to do it! I don't want to do it," cried Louise, on the verge of angry tears. "It isn't fair and I don't want to do it."

"Louise," reproved her mother quietly, "listen to me for just a moment. Your father and I have decided that you shall go. That part is settled. Now, surely, little girl, you see that it isn't because we wish to be unkind, but simply that we know what is best for you. That is why we want you to go."

"Certainly it is, certainly it is," agreed Louise's father pleasantly. "Don't think we're sending you just because you don't want to go. Oh, no, not that."

"Yes, but I can't see why it is best," wept Louise bitterly. "Aunt—Aunt Betty writes a letter and in—invites me to visit her in the country, and here I must go whether I want to or not. And oh, I don't want to go! I don't want to a bit!"

"Well, and why not?" asked her father calmly.

Louise looked at him in pitying surprise. "Why not?" she repeated. "Father, how can you ask that? I was never in the country in my life except on Frances McClure's house-party, which is different, and I know I won't like it. Muddy roads and white-washed farmhouses! Oh I know just how it will be, all right! There'll be nothing to do. Five miles out from any sort of town. You could never see anybody, and nothing—well, nothing exciting could possibly happen. Being on a plain old farm—oh—it's awful!" With a last tearful sigh that was almost a wail Louise went rushing from the room to weep over her troubles alone.

"It does seem a little hard on the poor child," said Mrs. Loring softly, turning towards her husband as the door closed behind Louise, "for she seems so opposed to it. Still I can't help believing it is the best thing to do."

"I am sure of it—sure of it," repeated Dr. Loring thoughtfully. "Louise is be-

coming somewhat self-centered in her interests I am afraid, and sixteen is too young for that sort of thing. But where in the world did she get her conception of country life, I wonder," he laughed heartily. "Muddy roads and white-washed farmhouses! Well, I trust a few surprises will not do her any lasting harm."

Mrs. Loring laughed with him. "No indeed, I think you are right."

In spite of Louise's tears and pleading and, it must be confessed, indignation, her mother and father remained firm in their decision, so that a week later saw her on the way. She told them good-bye with an air of injured dignity and settled herself against the green plush cushions of the Ridgeway coach, making every effort to be as miserable as possible. "It's a shame," she thought rebelliously, "just to be buried for a whole month. Five miles out in the country! Well—"

Now, Louise was so occupied in feeling sorry for herself that she forgot to wonder in the least about the end of her journey. Had her curiosity taken a bound in that direction she would have thought of her two cousins whom she was soon to meet. What were they like, and what were they doing? Then had she been able to picture them in her imagination she would have seen a girl and a boy walking up and down the white-graveled platform at the little Ridgeway station.

"Did the agent say the four-twenty was on time?" Mary asked impatiently.

"Yep!" nodded Ted. "She ought to be here in a few minutes. Listen. There it is now. Come on."

When the train with a shrill whistle and a grinding of heavy wheels came to a standstill, Louise, with a frown on her face, stepped to the platform. Mary came forward to meet her. "This is Louise, isn't it? And we are Mary and Ted. I guess you can judge which is which," she laughed. "And we are mighty glad that you have come."

Louise was almost speechless with surprise. As she followed them across the street, she tried as best she could to readjust her thoughts. Why—she

had not expected — well, she did not know what she had expected really. But Mary and Ted were certainly nice looking and—Then, surprise number two "We came over in the car," Mary was explaining. "The roads are just fine now, so we can spend our time riding around while you are here." Louise could think of nothing to say. Not once had it occurred to her to wonder just how they would get five miles out. Indeed, it was not until they were speeding along the smooth, open country road that she began to regain her composure. "My, but it's pretty here," she exclaimed involuntarily.

Ted laughed. "Think so?"

"I should say I do! Everything is so green. Just look at that grass. And oh—that field of cows! Aren't they cute?"

Ted and Mary simply shouted in their amusement. "Cute cows! Well, that's the best ever! And if you don't mind my saying so," added Ted laughing, "that green grass happens to be wheat."

Louise laughed. "Oh well, wheat or grass, just as you say! I also see some chickens and pigs skipping around, but I'll tell you later what I think about them."

It was fortunate that during the drive home Louise had become somewhat accustomed to surprises for, when they reached there she might otherwise have been overcome with astonishment. Where was the whitewashed farmhouse that she had pictured so clearly. Surely not here. This was such a pretty place! The house itself was white, and the smooth front lawn, closely cropped and sweet smelling lent to its beauty. A row of stately hollyhocks bordered the low white fence and the brick walk leading up to the house. Just now the late afternoon sun threw shadows across the grass and the porch with its flowered-cretonne cushions. Louise took it in with a swift glance. And then it came to her with a sudden force that, stating it mildly, she had made a few mistakes.

"Why, it's so pretty here, Aunt Betty," she stammered. "It's so—so—"

"From the way you sound, it is not

what you expected," teased Mary, her eyes dancing.

Louise blushed furiously. It was so near to what she had been thinking. "That's all right," she parried quickly, with a little laugh. "How was I to know what to expect?"

"That is true, dear," smiled Aunt Betty, "but now that you are here we want you to enjoy every minute."

"Why, Aunt Betty, I'm sure I shall," Louise answered, as she turned to follow Mary upstairs. What a different remark from one, indeed several emphatic remarks, that she had made less than twenty-four hours before. She spoke sincerely, however, and it was not long until she had repeated that same remark over and over again, though not always in so many words. She thought it next morning when, early, the world about them still cool and dew-sprinkled, she and Mary walked around the place, as they told Ted later, "taking in the sights."

"And believe me," exclaimed Louise at the breakfast table, "it was worth getting up early to see. That clover field was positively heavenly."

"Good night!" laughed Ted, "what next? Cute cows! heavenly clover field—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mary gleefully, "she said the little pigs were darlings! Imagine!"

Louise joined in the general laugh that went around the table. "Well, never you mind," she retorted good-naturedly, "I still think so, and you two may laugh to your heart's content."

That afternoon, when they packed a box of sandwiches and chocolate tea-cakes and went rowing across the lake, she decided again that she was more

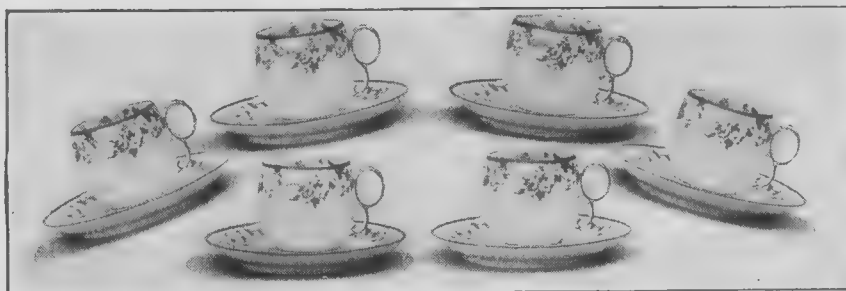
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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG

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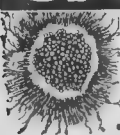


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than likely to have a good time. She repeated the same thought on paper that night when she scribbled a long letter to her mother and father. Towards the end of the letter she wrote, "I just want to tell you that I have learned a few things already, and one is, don't always be too sure that your way is the only way, because you are likely to get left! Civilization is always advancing, you know, and five miles out is the smallest matter! I trust you get my meaning? Forget all I ever said. No wonder, no wonder that you made me come. Did I say there could be no excitement? Well, I was a little bit wrong, that's all. Life bids fair to be exciting—we have already come upon a lot of German propa—whatever it is, that is being stirred around. All about sugar and flour conservation and food prices! Aunt Betty could explain it. I can't. I hear Ted and Mary calling me, so no more just now. Lovingly, Louise."

"P.S.—I've decided to stay two months. Yours in a hurry, Louise."

In a Dream World

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Ella A. Whitmore

Millie had been given a pair of socks to darn for her busy mother was preparing supper for a hungry family of six. Mother believing that every member should have some definite work to do, and besides she wanted to train her children to do things so that they could take their part as useful citizens in a busy world.

Millie had taken the sock complainingly. "Now, dear, you've had your play and besides it will soon be supper, you will just have time to mend the hole before I call you." But Millie yawned fretfully. "Now go and sit under the trees where it is cool and mend your sock without another word." Mother spoke decidedly. Millie went off toward the trees with halting steps. "I don't care, I wish I could run away, and never see dishes or old socks again!" she grumbled. Instead of sitting under the tree as her mother told her she ran rebelliously toward a clump of bushes on the banks of the little stream that ran through the meadow.

The air was fragrant with flowers. Busy bees winged on their way laden with honey, but Millie heeded them not. She tried to catch a wanton butterfly. "If I could only be a butterfly now with nothing to do, I'd—oh, those horrid socks!" She flung herself down and began to slowly draw the yarn across the hole, which after all was not very large. Now Millie could mend socks very neatly if she chose to do so, but to-day, the sun was so hot and everything went wrong. She sighed complainingly, "If I was a mother and had a little girl, I'd never—" Then she threw herself down on the grass impetuously.

"Do you always have to work so hard little girl?" said a sweet voice sympathetically right over Millie's shoulder. She turned quickly, surprised and completely dumbfounded at receiving such unexpected sympathy in her troubles. She beheld the sweetest face possible to even dream of and it was smiling right at her. Her breath was completely taken away. "Don't be surprised," said the voice kindly, "I've just heard your wish and I've come to take you away from folks who make your life so unbearable and cause you to work so hard." Millie's conscience felt a trifle uneasy but became soothed as the fairy went on speaking. For fairy she must surely be with such a beautiful face and such pretty transparent wings like a butterfly! Oh how Millie longed to stroke the shiny, filmy things.

"Yes, I am the Butterfly Fairy, Millie," she said, rising gently in the air and alighting right at Millie's feet, "and if you would really like, dear, to become a butterfly, come with me." For just a moment Millie hesitated, she wondered what mother would say. Her drooping eyes caught a vision of the socks. The fairy saw the glance and said entrancingly, "No more socks to mend for they wear no socks in our land!" Millie reached out her hand. Surely this was too good to be true! The Butterfly Fairy touched her with her wand and lo! in a twinkling she was a bright golden butterfly with gauzy wings that had tiny gold buttons on them, and narrow brown stripes running towards the tips. Millie found herself a

butterfly in form, but all her thoughts and feelings were those of a little girl.

They rose in the air and away they flew, right past the window of her mother's home. She longed to stop and tell her mother to expect her back soon but the Fairy Butterfly was already far ahead. So she followed and followed, and her wings grew very weary for she was not accustomed to go so far. But at last the Fairy Butterfly halted and rested on a big hollyhock, so Millie settled near by on a smaller one, and being unused to balance like that nearly fell off once or twice. She wanted to talk, too, but the Butterfly Fairy seemed only to want to dream and bask in the sun. They sat there a long time. Millie was beginning to feel a bit lonely and extremely tired. In fact she was getting quite drowsy when she heard a movement and the Fairy Butterfly was again off. She followed. They danced up and down. The flight was exhilarating but Millie was glad when they settled again. The Fairy Butterfly was evidently taking her supper so Millie decided to do the same for she was hungry, too.

How sweet the nectar was! Millie took a long delicious draught. She could not help recall her mother, however, and she wondered who was setting the table now she was not there. Poor mother had such a lot to do, too! Little Nell and Ted would be looking all over for her, they would find the sock. Millie was a little in danger of getting homesick.

The Fairy Butterfly rose up suddenly, straight in the air. Before Millie had time to follow a rude hand seized her frail wings and held her captive. How she struggled to call and to get away, but her companion was gone far out of sight. Oh, how cruel those hands were and how they pinched as she vainly struggled! She lay panting as the voice of a little girl cried, "Let's take it home and mount it, Bobbie, it's such a pretty one!"

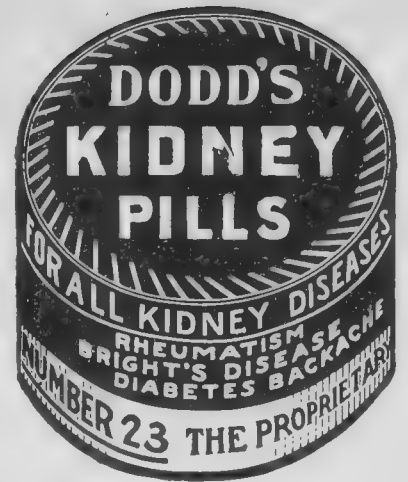
Mount it! She remembered at school how they chloroformed one and then stuck pins in the body and wings to hold it in place. She tried to call out and tell them that she was not a butterfly that she was just another little girl!

"It's a beautiful gold color!" the little girl was saying as she ran down a path. Then suddenly something happened. The little girl tripped and down came her hand with the butterfly to the ground crushing one pretty shimmering wing. Millie groaned aloud, but the little girl was sobbing, "I've spoiled it, I've broken its wing." Bobbie tried his best to soothe her. "Oh, never mind, Sadie, just let it go, we'll try and find another." Broken winged and helpless Millie dragged herself under a shelter to endure her torture and suffering alone. She struggled past one or two other butterflies but they took no notice of her whatever. How she was suffering and how lonely she was! It was growing dark, too, and she was always a bit afraid of the dark shadows in the woods. She watched a butterfly slip under a leaf and close up its wings, but she could not even raise either of hers, much less close them up. Then she began to ache, a dull throbbing pain and a stiffness seemed to spread through every part of her body. She wanted to cry. She was trying so hard when again a voice sounded over her shoulder. It was tenfold sweeter than the fairy's. "Why, Millie! Were you sleeping? We've been looking all over for you."

"Oh, mother," cried the little girl, "I never want to run away again, or be a butterfly or anything but just your own little girl!" Mother kissed some tears away and as they wended their way homeward in the evening light Millie told her mother of her dream.

Uncle Mose, needing money, sold his pig to the wealthy Northern lawyer who had just bought the neighboring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterward the two gentlemen met, and, upon comparing notes, suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old darky cheerfully admitted his guilt.

"Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?" "Blessed ef I know, Jedge," replied Uncle Mose with a broad grin. "Tse no lawyer. I reckon I'll have to let yo' two gen'mene settle it between yo'selves."

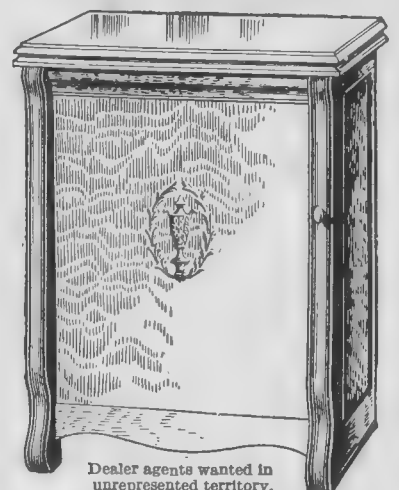


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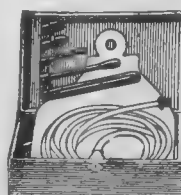
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton

THE CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

The other day I received a letter from a young woman who directs a group of Camp-Fire girls. This is an excellent organization and I believe is the means of making mother and daughter better acquainted. By the way, I meet too many girls in the early 'teen age who are strangers to their mothers. Anyone interested in the Juvenile Court work learns the tragedy of too much mother-and-daughter indifference. Our girls need more and better mothering now than ever before. Any organization that fosters a better understanding between the two should be encouraged.

What a splendid opportunity for girls in the small towns!

This letter is from a friend in Chicago. She says:

"I saw three thousand Camp-Fire girls here this winter in a Council Fire, the most beautiful sight I ever saw. They were in the big armory, in costume. That's one splendid feature about the organization, the wearing of the same kind of dress, undecorated at first, and then decorated as the individual girl earns the decoration. We studied twelve different plans for 'teen age girl work this winter and all decided that the Camp-Fire work is the best—its appeal is real. The special emphasis it gives the mother-daughter relation—making the mother co-worker with the guardian, as the camp leader is called, in the honor system, giving status and value to mother's knowledge, and so decidedly giving status and romance to all home tasks builds progressive constructive character. It is truly gratifying to hear, as I heard the mothers tell at our mother-daughter banquet this winter, how girls will insist on doing the dishes every single night and how they keep their closets and rooms tidy and bedroom windows open, all so they may not miss the honor head they earn for doing so."

When a girl desires to become a Camp-Fire girl she recites the following:

"It is my desire to become a Camp-Fire girl, and to obey the law of the Camp Fire, which is to

Seek beauty,
Give service,
Pursue knowledge,
Be trustworthy,
Hold on to health,
Glorify work,
Be happy.

This law of the Camp Fire I will strive to follow."

In a little book which explains the organization, I find this explanation of the pledge:

Seeking Beauty.—Beauty abounds on every side for those whose eyes are open to see it; and the more of it that is seen, the richer and more joyous life becomes. The Camp-Fire girl is trained to observe the beauty of trees, plants, fields, sky, clouds, animals, birds, and all natural objects, and learns to crave true beauty in her household surroundings and clothing. Grace, dignity, simplicity and fitness are the qualities she is led to admire in dress, and in consequence she avoids the silly, extremes and tasteless extravagance which many misguided girls admire.

Giving Service.—All must receive service in order to exist; and to receive without ever giving, makes one a useless burden to others—a condition in which no self-respecting person can be happy. The forms that service may take are endless, and no one is so weak that she cannot do something to make others happier or better.

Pursuing Knowledge.—Knowledge increases our ability to do the things best worth doing, and should therefore be sought with energy, giving preference, of course, to those things which will be most useful in one's own sphere of life.

Being Trustworthy.—A large part of the evil in the world is due to those who betray trust that has been reposed in them. A true Camp-Fire girl will be faithful to her promises and will avoid pretending to be other than she really is. Confidence and respect are always the portion of those who prove that they are worthy to be trusted.

Holding on to Health.—Good health being one of the greatest blessings, the

Camp-Fire girl is guided carefully to right courses in all the matters that affect the condition of the body, such as food, exercise, sleep, and bathing. Above all, she is induced to lead the outdoor life as much as possible, as one of the best means to obtain strength and health.

Glorifying Work.—Work may be hard drudgery if done with a reluctant, slavish spirit; but to those who understand its dignity and worth, it becomes a splendid privilege. Without it life is empty and meaningless. The Camp-Fire girl is encouraged to undertake the humblest and least agreeable tasks, and honored when they are well performed.

Being Happy.—The law of the Camp Fire teaches those who accept it to seek the happiness that will last; not the temporary pleasure gained by self-indulgence, which leaves disagreeable memories when the gratification has passed. The law also teaches that a glad, joyous spirit should be cultivated, and troubles made light of, for cheerfulness is catching, and those who spread it are public benefactors.

The head or guardian of each Camp Fire is usually a woman of twenty-one years or over. On her ability as a leader the success of the group largely depends.

LIVES TRUE TO PRINCIPLE

The woman who holds the important position of inspector for all the factories in Ontario where women are employed was first attracted to that work by a noble ambition. She said it seemed "a definite way toward the betterment of conditions which touch thousands of girls." Miss Mona McLaughlin, who made such splendid preparation for such a noble ambition, is a most capable woman, filling a position with remarkable tact and progress.

A Canadian woman who does big things modestly and who has been a power in improving conditions among delinquent girls in the east, has proven that it is not the noisy women who most influence the government, for Mrs. Roger Lean, alone, with the record of good work to back her request, approached the Ontario government for improvement in the prisons for women and she was granted more than she asked for.

An ounce of good example is worth a ton of good advice. Two women like these are worth more than a whole club of women who gather to read the minutes of the previous meeting and to pass resolutions.

"The kindnesses which are a little secret between the Heavenly Father and ourselves, are the ones that pay the highest rates of joy."

THE RUSSIAN WOMAN SOLDIER

An article written by William G. Shepherd, who studied the Russian Women's Battalions, contains some most impressive statements that I feel would interest our readers. Mr. Shepherd interviewed the leaders of these battalions previously in Russia and is in a position to give us information concerning them.

The first battalion of women was led by Botchkarova, a woman who could neither read nor write, and who chose her girl soldiers from the standard of physical strength only. To be healthy and strong was all she asked of a girl for service. She paid no attention to the character of her soldiers. She was a big, strong woman herself and she felt that physical strength fulfilled the requirements of a soldier. But Botchkarova fell from her height of leadership because her soldier women refused to obey her. There were two kinds of soldiers in her company—good girls and weak girls morally, and the discovery was made that good girls make good soldiers and immoral girls make poor ones. But finally Botchkarova's band captured a hundred Germans and forced them to throw down their rifles and throw up their hands and exclaim: "Ach Gott, the Russian Women!"

And among the hundred German soldiers there were six German women dressed in the full uniform of German privates.

Mr. Shepherd talked with scores of Russian women and he says that the Russian women soldiers went into war for the main purpose of criticizing by their action the laggard portion of the



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If you suffer from pain in the head or back, obstinate constipation or piles, pain in the sides, dyspepsia, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling up the spine, palpitation, weariness, hot flashes, sallow complexion, with dark circles under the eyes, or a general feeling that life is not worth living, I invite you to send to-day for my complete ten days' treatment entirely free and postpaid to prove to yourself that these ailments can be easily and surely overcome at your own home, without the expense of hospital treatment or the dangers of an operation.

When you have been benefited, I shall only ask you to pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for all, young or old.

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To Mothers of Daughters I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually dispels headaches and lassitude in young women and restores them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my method of home treatment a complete ten days' trial, and if you wish to continue it costs only a few cents a week to do so, and it does not interfere with one's daily work. Write and ask for the free treatment to-day as you may not see this offer again.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

Russian army and spurring it on to fight against the Fatherland. When Shepherd said to the women: "Why do you go to war? Women have potential motherhood, and if you kill that, you kill the whole race." Their answer was: "What is the use of motherhood in a country owned by an enemy?"

But Botchkarova's idea of the woman soldier failed her, they would not respect her discipline, and in her place the new battalions of girls chose a gentle, little educated Russian woman. Shepherd said he asked the new leader why Botchkarova had failed to keep her company's confidence.

"Because she didn't understand women," was the answer. "She didn't know how to choose the right girls. She took every girl who came along that looked strong and healthy."

"But can't you make up a women's army that way?" he asked. "That's the way they make up the armies of men."

"It can't be done that way," answered the commander. "We know the moral qualities of every one of the thousand girls we have here. We look over them before they come in here and then after they have come here we watch them very closely and study their characters. Even one bad girl is an evil influence and we get rid of her as soon as we find her out."

"And so," Shepherd generalized, "if there are to be armies of women in the wars they must be made up of moral women."

"That is exactly true," answered one of the three gentle-women.

On a certain day in November when the Bolsheviks were taking the town and Kerensky was a fugitive from the seat of government in the Winter Palace there were only a thousand soldiers who dared to go to the Winter Palace and make a last stand for the government that was against a separate peace with the Germans. They were these thousand hand-picked soldier girls who had proved themselves morally worthy of fighting for their country.

"Is it right for women to go to war?" Mr. Shepherd once asked the commander of the girls who fought at the Winter Palace last November.

"No! No!" she exclaimed. "None of us thinks it is right. But we had to begin fighting when the men showed signs of wanting to stop. Women are not made for battle. They are not strong enough physically and their nerves are too weak to stand the terrible strain. It is wrong for women to go to war, but," she added, "we Russian women had to do it."

AN INCIDENT BY THE WAYSIDE

The more I know of girls the more I believe in them. There is something really divine down deep in the heart of every girl, and when we can impress both men and women of this fact we shall have an ideal condition among our girls. When every man respects every girl as he would wish other men to respect his sister, and when every woman or girl conducts herself worthy of that respect, then shall we experience the greatest possible factor in true nation building.

I wish I could take every girl who reads this page into my little attic study where I write, and impress upon her the tragedy that comes into a girl's life when she leaves her honor, her will to the man she loves too much. The girl who goes too far with a man generally comes back alone to work out her future herself—and how much alone she is he never realizes. Many a girl has exclaimed in distress to me in this same little study: "Oh, will there ever be anything come into his life that will make him understand how he has made me suffer?"

Every girl sets her own price on herself.

Why, I have even heard girls say: "I would risk my life in his hands—I trust him so much." A girl will trust her whole future with a man she knows nothing about, when any business man would make an investigation of the man before loaning him ten dollars. A girl who will begin an acquaintance on the street corner is risking her entire future. It is mighty hard for a girl to make back a reputation that some deceitful man has torn from her.

There never was a time when men

needed the influence of pure womanly guidance so much as now. Every girl and woman should realize that khaki is emblematic of a sacred cause, and that when they aid a man wearing it to degrade himself they are degrading the cause for which he wears it. The majority of the men in khaki are a fine, straight, clean class of men, and all girls and women should realize the sacred cause for which they are wearing the uniform, and by their purity of womanhood convince them that their protection is worth fighting for.

Ruskin said: "No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion."

Dryden said of one of Shakespeare's characters: "Her person was a paradise and her soul a cherub to guard it."

A soldier wandered into the Y.M.C.A. place one day—overseas—and while talking with one of England's noble women, he expressed his disgust and lack of faith in women because he had associated with the weak only. He dropped the remark that he wished he might have the chance to take a good, clean girl out once. The woman, who was one of England's titled women, then asked: "Would you like to take my daughter out this evening?" The soldier was too astonished to reply. The daughter was brought in and introduced. That evening they spent together and that was the beginning of a new faith in womanhood in the mind of that man. Association with a refined, beautiful girl changed his whole life.

A man of influential authority asked me the other day how I could expect men to respect the girls who dress so immodestly that they dare the morals of men. There is a great deal in that remark to make us think. It does seem as if for the last seven years there has been a part of woman's dress somewhere that is immodest. First it was tight skirts, now it is low necks, thin waists, and short skirts with thin, silk stockings.

Let us remember, girls, that a pure character is a part of eternity, and if you do not want a lonely future, be womanly.

POISE

We stood in line for registration. A woman in front of me talked incessantly for an hour and a half to another near her. Finally she said: "I'm so glad you are here. I simply could not stand alone here for an hour. I would die."

She lacked poise!

That very morning our dentist remarked that some of his patients made treatment almost impossible—they were so nervous. How many of us take time to be wisely idle? We need to relax every day if it be for only an hour.

Some of us are "on the go" all of the time. The reaper finds he is gaining time by stopping to sharpen the scythe. He does better work. Usually the girl who "slows up" for a short time every day accomplishes more than the girl who is always in such a hurry that she has hardly time to breathe. Hard work is one of God's best gifts, because it helps to make us happier and better. Therefore it is extremely necessary for us to cultivate control of ourselves—poise. I like to see girls laugh heartily, but I do not like to see girls giggle, because I think it has a tendency to make them weak morally, inasmuch as they lose self-control—poise.

A girl who can never sit still, who is always rushing from one thing to another, usually has a raucous, high-pitched voice. This is a sign of weakness. A clear, sweet, soft, low voice is an asset. I sometimes think a teacher with a high, loud voice develops a restless atmosphere in the schoolroom—and nervous children. I have visited schools taught by teachers of this type and it was a relief to leave after an hour's visit. What must it mean to her children? A teacher with a soft, pleasing voice will seldom find any occasion to scold, and scolding is as bad for the temper as the voice. A pleasing voice is a great factor towards success.

One of the greatest women in the world is the woman with a golden voice—Sarah Bernhardt. Her voice, when almost as low as a whisper, touches the chord of every heart in the audience.

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Geraldine Farrar says this of two wonderful speaking voices:

"I have heard it said that the American voice is resultant of our climate, but I believe it is not the climate, but our temperament. One woman I know, and one man, have the most wonderful speaking voices in the world. The woman is Ada Rehan, and her voice is like a rippling song, or a shaft of warm sunlight shimmering spun gold. And the man Forbes-Robertson. His voice is wondrous in its beauty and flexibility. And these two magnificent speaking voices belong, not to Americans—for Forbes-Robertson was born in England, and Ada Rehan in Ireland."

Someone says, "emulate the sunbeam, not the cyclone."

We must take time for quiet thought and rest. The spring must be fed by fresh water. To work without growth means exhaustion.

LEADERS

The best leaders of girls' clubs are those who do not attempt to control club policies or to dominate affairs, but those who aid in carrying out the will of the members and bind the many units into a loyal whole. A true leader is a woman with high ideals who follows rather than leads. Many girls are as capable of judgment and initiative as older club women. In fact they are less liable to be prejudiced. The strongest characters are often those who give in to the will of others, when that will is right. I know two sisters. One is the finest type of unselfishness—the other is the meanest type of tyrannical selfishness. She never gives in to the unselfish sister. She is the youngest member of the family and tries to keep the others at a distance. Not one of the family cares to go to their paternal home when she is there. She studies her own wishes constantly and never considers another. She thinks she is a leader, but she is not. She has no part in producing anything useful for her home or community. Her supreme pride is the fact that she never gives in to anyone. The unselfish sister

is much stronger in character, for she is a blessing to her home and community. She studies the will of others and forgets herself in service to others. Unconsciously she has awakened to the position of leadership in her community, for sacrifice creates soul strength—personality. The spirit of good fellowship which she invariably meets fires her with enthusiasm.

The leader of a club of girls should be an apostle of self-government in group life. Some degree of initiative and responsibility is possible in every kind of club with every kind of member. The strongest clubs are those whose members shoulder the burdens of organization and business management. Our girls' clubs are fortunate whose leaders have their interests at heart.

IS THERE ROOM IN YOUR CHURCH FOR HER?

During the past year many girls have said to me: "Oh, there is no room in the church for me. They do not want the poor girls in their clubs. Those clubs are for girls who pay their way."

There is a bitter vein running through the lives of hundreds of girls who make up the industrial realm—a bitter vein that creates ridicule among their number when things religious are mentioned.

Twelve years ago I started a club for girls in one of our churches—determining to draw no line of distinction in regard to the kind of position held by a girl. I think I have never been guilty of asking a girl in our club her occupation. No—every girl was welcome regardless of position or birth. During the eleven years, more than a thousand girls have belonged to our club—now most of them have scattered to different parts of the continent and some are in Europe. But the club still gathers in new girls and the yearly average is most promising. The distinctive feature of our work was social service work among girls. The proper dress for our social affairs was the girl's working dress—shirt waist and skirt, or the plain one-piece dress. No

girl need stay away because she had not the correct dress.

I think the finest compliment ever given our club was by one who really did not mean to compliment us.

She visited us one day and told her friend she did not like our club because "every kind of girl was there." She liked a select club. That was our aim. We wanted "every kind of a girl" there. That will always be my aim so long as I work in a church.

This year I took a vacation from the club. Everyone needs to stop for a while to catch a clearer vision. Somehow I felt I might never work in a church again. I felt the churches were not reaching the class of girls who needed spiritual muscle. I had a vision of clubs outside of the church.

But now I feel the need of the spiritual atmosphere in the room where girls meet and the vision is broader and better and bigger. It is this: There are girls' clubs in all of our churches. Let us start a wave of love and sisterly interest that shall embrace all girls, be they Protestant, Catholic or Jewish. I have found good Christians in every church.

Let us prove that there is a place in church for every girl in the land. And when a long-faced deacon comes to us and tells us it would be better to have a class of "church girls," only let us be brave enough to answer:

"I am here to teach something besides golden texts. With Divine help I am trying to weave a golden chord of love through the lives of these girls. I am my sister's keeper."

Try this. I have. The medicine is sometimes bitter, but it has curative power on the most regular patron of the "Amen" seats.

Attacked by Asthma.—The first fearful sensation is of suffocation, which hour by hour becomes more desperate and hopeless. To such a case the relief afforded by Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems nothing less than miraculous. Its help is quickly apparent and soon the dreadful attack is mastered. The asthmatic who has found out the dependability of this sterling remedy will never be without it. It is sold everywhere.

And so I urge the leaders of girls' clubs in churches to launch a broad social service effort to welcome every girl to the church. Are we waiting for the boys to come back to show the churches the meaning of religion? They are living the real religion over there. Sect, creed, station in life, birth, do not count with them. "I am my brother's keeper," is the keynote of their religion.

Let us organize clubs and clubs for girls—they need social pleasure in safe places. They want to feel the blessings of a good woman's love and sympathy.

I am not only interested in our own club now, but I am interested in all other girls' clubs. I am intensely anxious to see our church clubs gather in the girls from every corner of the city, for—When a girl knows God, her world is beautiful.

Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania, is a lawyer. He tells of how he managed to escape from being the butt of a joke and turn the sting of it against the joker.

When Mr. Palmer was still a young attorney, a neighbor entered his office and asked: "What could I do if another man's dog entered my yard and killed one of my chickens?"

Mr. Palmer replied that the damage done could be collected from the owner of the dog.

"Well," said the man, "since it was your dog, you may as well pay me the worth of the chicken, about one dollar, Mr. Palmer!"

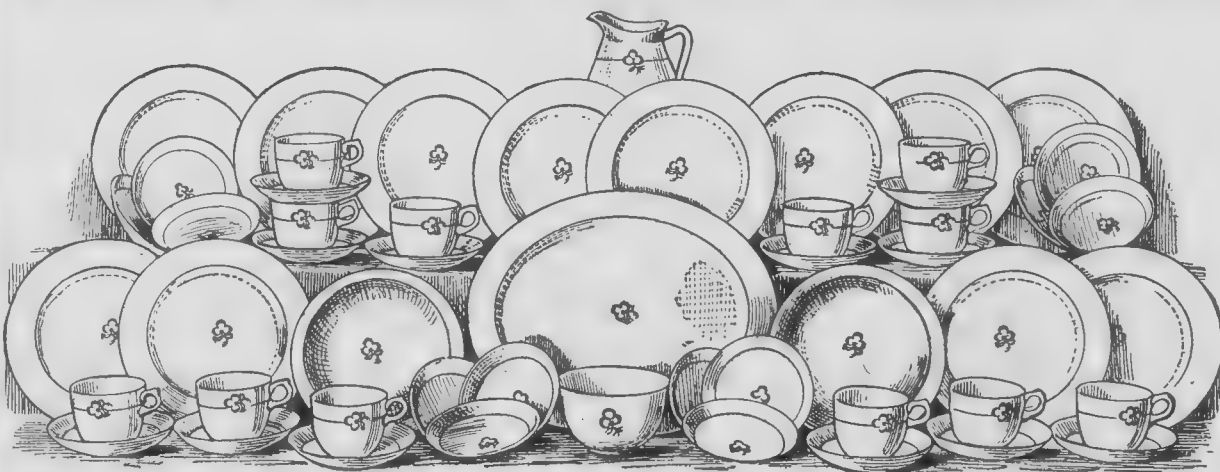
Mr. Palmer smiled as he handed the man the amount named, and said:

"Now, then, as I have paid all that I owe you, don't you think it only fair you settle up that matter of the little bill you owe me?"

"But," protested the neighbor, "I don't owe you a penny."

"Ah," smiled Mr. Palmer, "don't you? Kindly pay me five dollars, for the legal advice which I gave you concerning the loss of your chicken."

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LADIES! Hundreds of our friends in all parts of Western Canada have received sets of these attractive and useful dishes. Of course you'd like to have a set too, but you'd better hurry, because we may be compelled to alter this great prize offer very soon, owing to the unsettled condition of the porcelain market.

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of this lovely Dinner Set, which you would have trouble in duplicating for \$12.00. We are **GIVING THEM AWAY** to every reader who will collect only six new subscriptions for The Nor'-West Farmer at \$1.00 for 1 year, \$1.50 for 2 years, \$2.00 for 3 years.

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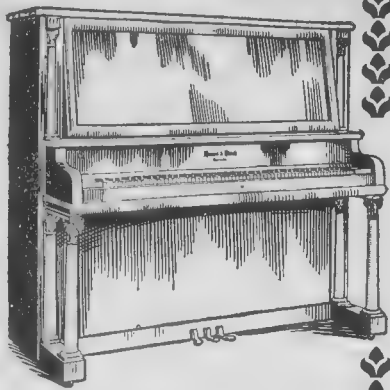
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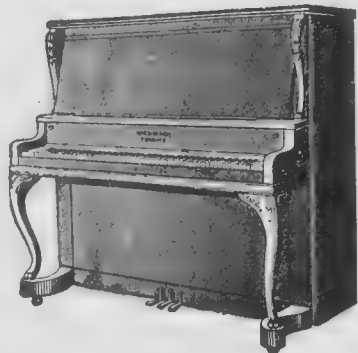
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Music and the Home

Grace Notes

Queen Victoria was a pupil of Cterny. Mendelssohn also supervised a part of her musical education.

In the olden days when Jerusalem flourished as a city, music was a prominent feature in the life of the Jews.

If we are going to make musicians of boys and girls, why not interest them first in music and then suggest that they learn to express music on some instrument?

A "Sarabande" is a slow dance of Spanish origin in which the second beat is long. The melody of the sarabande often has a melancholy coloring.

Never put yourself in the position that when company comes you have to apologize for the piano keys being sticky or unclear—or for the piano's needing to be tuned.

There is an old saying "bad men have no songs." The constantly increasing interest in music among the masses of this continent is a tremendous influence for improving the national life in our own country and that of our neighbors.

Sometimes popular taste is basically sounder than that of the highly educated. A greatly cultivated taste often leads to the admiring of musical complexity and mere cleverness to the exclusion of simplicity and a natural enjoyment. Never let musical development run away with you in that way.

Choral societies should combine to erect a Handel Memorial, says a Glasgow paper, for he has saved more situations in the choral world than all the other composers put together. When in doubt, difficulty, or danger, Handel's "Messiah" is the thing—there is always an audience for it, and an interested audience at that.

"When along in February I get stale from too much serious music," says Pierre Key, music critic on the New York World, "there is nothing that will swing me back into form like so called popular music. I think the proof of the value of popular music is the extent to which it is figuring in this war. Men go over the top singing a song and in the training camps light music is giving added zest to our potential fighters."

Music More Than an Amusement Music Maintains Morale

It is only a thin thinker that says "music is only an amusement" and stops. Music is a comfort, a solace, an inspiration, a rest, and a cure.

Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, speaking before the American Academy of Arts and Letters recently, closed his lecture with an appeal to the public "not to lose our souls" by neglecting art during the war, but urged them to keep up their love of good books, music and the theatre.

Professor Phelps says:

"Let us win the war first and see what comes afterward. But in winning the war let us not lose our own souls. The love of art, good music, good books and a good play should not be neglected. These are not luxuries. When Athens was at war with Sparta, after the war had lasted twenty years and the Athenians were within two years of their defeat, Euripides put on one of his masterpieces and it was received with great enthusiasm by the populace.

"Art does not take away from life. Works of art reveal life to us. To read good books, see fine pictures and plays and listen to good music is to keep alive the ideals for which we are fighting. We need now more than ever to devote ourselves to the noble and most beautiful things in art."

We cannot all fight, but we can all help the fighters and we can help the fighters' families at home. Music will do it.

Music keeps alive the ideals for which

we are fighting. Music keeps alive the spirit which is doing the fighting.

Music is decidedly a line of defense. Defense against despair, defense against worry, a defense against all the feelings which hold down the spirits and hold back the efficiency of all those behind the front who must stand back of those at the front.

Musical Achievements in an Orphans' Home

One of the interesting examples of successful musical work among boys and girls is that at the Jewish Orphans' Home in New York, there are at present over 1800 children in the institution. A visitor to the home found in the band-room a band of some eighty boys between the ages of ten and sixteen rehearsing. Every boy who shows a desire to study music is eligible to join the band. The boys are provided with good silver-plated and reed instruments. Every day one hour is devoted to practice, besides the lessons they receive twice a week from competent teachers in sight reading, theory and harmony. The regular band consists of forty instruments, with forty more in the reserve band held in readiness to fill any vacancy that may arise.

The band has an extensive repertoire of popular, military and classical selections. In addition to the brass band there is the cadet corps of sixty boys playing the bugle, fife and drum. Some of the boys belong to both these organizations. The band is not permitted to take any professional engagements outside the institution though it often assists in patriotic and charitable affairs. A good many of the graduates of this orphans' band follow the musical profession and quite a number of them are playing now in the country's military bands.

Another fine feature of this institution is the string orchestra of fifty instruments made up of twenty-five girls and twenty-five boys. In addition to this there is a Glee Club of one hundred voices which is used in providing bright entertainments for the inmates. Also a choir of twenty-five girls and the same number of boys, which chorus officiates on Saturdays and holidays in the synagogue of the Home. Every Friday night a concert is given for the children by professional talent.

A Famous Collection

For what a London paper describes as the paltry sum of £100 the most perfect set extant of Barnard's selected church music has been sold by the cathedral authorities to Christ Church, Oxford. The Daily Telegraph states that in its complete form the famous collection of services and anthems was printed in 1641, and embraced the best of the church music in use in England up to within a few years of the Commonwealth; and a century or so ago no perfect copy of the work was known to exist, the least mutilated set being that consisting of eight vocal parts—then in Hereford Cathedral. In 1862 the sacred Harmonic Society acquired by purchase another set containing also eight voice parts including the two missing from the Hereford collection. The volumes contain works by Tallis, Bird, Gibbons, Giles, Farrant, Christopher Tye, and other rare musical treasures. It is understood that an effort will be made to repurchase the work and restore it to the cathedral library.

Lack of Interest in Music Among Men a National Handicap

Did you think seriously of what a far-reaching influence music would be as a study in the public and high schools of Canada? Did you ever stop to consider how a systematic study of music in connection with all schools would make us a musical nation? Did you ever pause to note the grave need of music in the lives of our boys to counteract the much-mentioned wave of commercialism, that has taken possession of so many fathers to-day?

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Perhaps nothing could better emphasize this thought than to quote in summarized form a short portion of an address by Dean Semmann of Marquette University, who said: "Our children, not only girls, but particularly boys, must come under the influence of music if we wish to have our own national music. I believe that the reason why we are not a musical nation is because our men lack interest in music. Certainly there are also other causes, but I believe this to be the foremost. If we look about us, we find that the greater number of those who take a lively interest in music are women. By far the greater number of music-teachers are women. Do not misunderstand me; I am not against women in the musical profession; I am glad to see them there. Nevertheless, I firmly believe it would be better for our country in every respect if men came more under the influence of music."

"The great composers in the foremost musical countries, have been men. In all these countries the masculine influence in music has given them that which is necessary for acquiring a distinct national music. They recognize music as an educational factor. Consequently, their men have time for something else besides business; they patronize and find enjoyment in music."

Winning Her Diploma

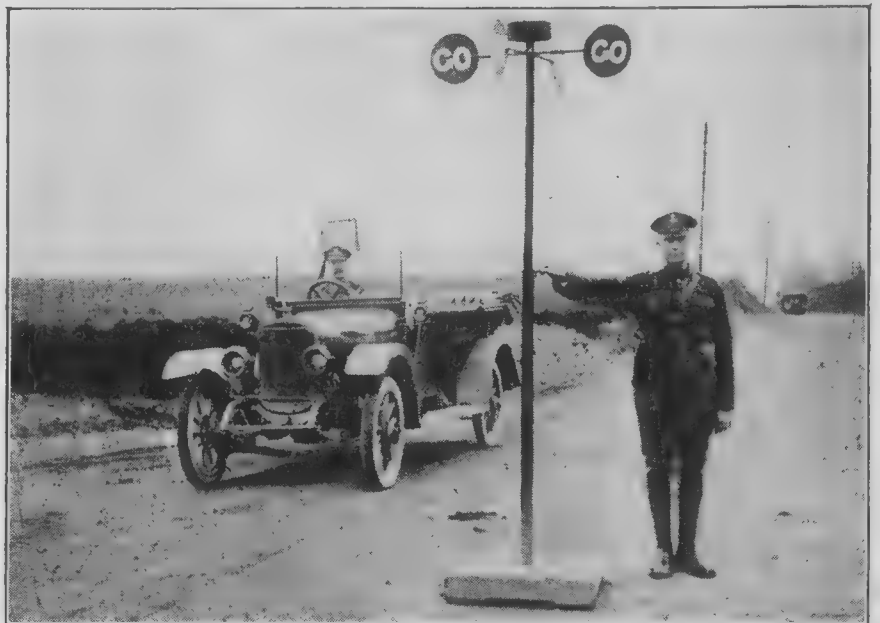
Booker Washington's story of Anna Davis, a Tuskegee student, is good to read and remember. Because of some misunderstanding about her studies the young woman could not graduate. She accepted her own failure without whimpering, and determined to make the most of what she had.

"I have some education, Mr. Washington," she said to him, "and I will go where it will be useful."

Then the people at Tuskegee lost sight of her for a while. But her deeds did not lag behind her intention and her speech. She went into the "black belt" of Alabama and picked out the most hopeless community she could find. She took the wreck of a log cabin which was occasionally used as a schoolhouse. The men were poverty-stricken and illiterate, and unable to use to advantage what little they had. They mortgaged their crops every year to pay the rents of their hovels.

It was a situation to appal the stoutest heart. But Anna Davis installed herself in the miserable log schoolhouse, and first won the interest and sympathy of the children.

Next she induced all the parents to meet there. She taught them enough arithmetic to know the value of their



This British soldier is guiding a semaphore in one of the busiest military traffic centers on the British western front in France. The British official photograph might well be taken for an everyday scene on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, if it were not for the landscape and the costumes.

"We are a country rich in every respect, but we do not recognize any art as a commendable vocation. Consequently our men have no time or desire for the study of music. They rush along the commercial line. Business, and nothing but business, holds their thoughts. Naturally, the ideals of our boys are likewise directed only into the channel of commercialism."

"They also have no time for music; they even consider it a feminine occupation. This is a deplorable condition in the life of our country. It keeps the boys away from the refining influence of music, and they need this influence. I do not wonder that our girls complain that it is so hard to find a refined husband. Our boys are uncultured because they are entirely governed by the rough life of commercialism. I therefore believe that, unless we succeed in taking the attention of our boys from entire commercialism and directing it in part to the refining and character-building influence of music, we will not have our own national music. Credits in our schools for the study of an instrument will bring about a wonderful change. It will be a searchlight, whose penetrating rays will disclose the musical qualities lying dormant in our children."

An Oil Without Alcohol.—Some oils and many medicines have alcohol as a prominent ingredient. A judicious mingling of six essential oils compose the famous Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and there is no alcohol in it, so that its effects are lasting. There is no medicinal oil compounded that can equal this oil in its preventive and healing power.

earnings and to appreciate the folly of their mortgages. She had learned something of the business side of agriculture at Tuskegee, and she taught them that. Then she went from cabin to cabin to teach by example a better way of living.

The result of that single handed courage was seen by Mr. Washington when he visited the community a year ago. There was a frame school-house on the site of the old log cabin, and all the children were going to school eight months in the year. The crops had increased; the men were out of debt; small, decent frame cottages had taken the place of the tumble-down shanties, and were owned by the occupants. The people had scraped and saved to put up the frame schoolhouse before they thought of bettering their own homes.

It had been done in four years, and Mr. Washington asked his old pupil how she had done it all.

"I will tell you how I did it," she said, simply. Then she showed him an account-book with the contributions to the school-building fund. There were some small cash contributions, but there were more contributions of eggs and chickens to be sold for the school.

Besides this they had a little cotton-plantation of their own. The children cleared a piece of land behind the school-house and worked on it every day after school. They raised two bales of cotton a year, and that kept them going.

After telling this story Mr. Washington said he wanted to add that "Tuskegee has since done what it should have had the wisdom to do before. They gave Anna Davis her diploma."



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BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

Costs less than one cent a day to make and keep your face white and smooth. Has the effect of the finest powder, covers and removes blemishes, tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads and all skin diseases. A fine finish for the toilet. Price, postpaid—\$1.00. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont. Sold by

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WINNIPEG CANADA

Fashions and Patterns

A Splendid Middy Suit for Outing, Sports or General Wear. Blouse—2403. Skirt—2412. This model comprises blouse pattern 2403 and skirt pattern 2412. Striped or plaid suiting may be combined with plain material, or vice versa. Jersey cloth, sports satin, serge, gabardine, linen, repp and shantung are good materials for its development. The skirt is a three-piece model. The blouse may be finished with sleeves in wrist or elbow length. The pattern for the blouse and for the skirt is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require 6¾ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures 1¾ yard at the foot.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.



Here is a Charming Dress for the Growing Girl. 2406—The waist is shaped over the front. The skirt is straight and gathered. Dimity, flowered voile or organdy, with lace insertion or ribbon for trimming, would be pleasing for this model. The long sleeve has fullness at the wrist held by narrow straps joined to the cuff. The short sleeve is shaped at its lower edge.

The pattern for this pretty design is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3¾ yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for Party or Best Wear. 2596—This model is lovely for batiste, lawn, dimity or dotted Swiss. Likewise for voile, silk and linen. It may also be made of gingham or embroidered flouncing. The overblouse could be omitted or be made of contrasting material. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length and the skirt made with or without tucks. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material for the dress,

and 1¾ yard for the overblouse. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown. 2404—This design has several good style features. The tunic may be omitted. The skirt is cut on straight and comfortable lines. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Shantung, linen or gingham in plain colors, or combined with contrasting material, is nice for this. Satin, foulard, voile, crepe and batiste also could be used. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust measure. Size 38 requires 6½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model. 2414—A garment of this kind is both serviceable and practical. The front closing is not its

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From Canadian Army and R.N.W.M.
Police on Account of Weak Heart.

Mr. Victor A. Tatton, Indian Head, Sask., writes: "It is with pleasure I am writing to let you know that I have been cured of weak heart by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

I had been a sufferer for nearly two years with heart trouble and could get no relief by using other kinds of medicine.

I had been in the Canadian Army for nearly ten months and was honorably discharged on account of my heart.

I served in the Royal North-West Mounted Police, in 1917, and was also honorably discharged on the same account.

A friend of mine advised me to try your pills. After taking three boxes I was completely cured. You can please use this as you see fit."

Wherever there are people suffering with weak hearts, they can find no remedy that will do so much to make the heart regain strength and restore it to a normal and healthy condition as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Price 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent to you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing. Address Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the supreme remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Nervous ailments, and Nerve paralysis, and for weakness in children. Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Price 50 cents per tube, six tubes for the price of five, from Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Don't waste your money on imitations; get the genuine Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Proprietors, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

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Tomatoes, Fancy, in 4 basket crates, shipping wt. 23 lbs.	1.50
Tomatoes, No. 1, in peach crates, shipping weight, 23 lbs.	1.00
Tomatoes, Green, in peach crates, shipping weight 23 lbs.	.65
Cucumbers for slicing, in peach crates, shipping weight 20 lbs.	1.00
Cucumbers, for pickling, medium size, in peach crates, shipping weight 20 lbs.	1.55

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Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills work on the bowels gently and naturally, and will cure the worst cases of constipation.

Mrs. Winslow McKay, Jordan Branch, N.S., writes: "I have been sick for a number of years with sick headache and constipation. I tried all kinds of doctor's medicine, but none did me any good until I tried Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and after using four vials I am completely cured. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers from that disease. I keep them on hand all the time."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial. Sold by all druggists and dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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A Comfortable Apron Model. 2141—Percale, drill, gingham, sateen, alpaca, cambric or lawn could be used for this style. The yoke facings may be omitted. The front has plaited fulness, forming a panel. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42 and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 5½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Under Garment. 2407—This style is very comfortable and suitable for crepe, lawn, batiste, dimity, washable satin and linen. The fulness may be confined at empire waistline. Lace, embroidery or beading will be a pretty and effective trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration

A New and Jaunty Style. 2067—Ladies' one-piece dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Satin, gabardine, serge, linen, voile, drill, gingham and other wash fabrics are nice for this style. Back and front are shaped over side sections. The sleeve in wrist length is finished by a shaped cuff in two sections. In short length, the sleeve has a turn-back cuff. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires for a 36-inch size, 6 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 3 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

An Attractive Costume for Outing or Sports. Blouse—2453. Skirt—2462. This design comprises ladies' blouse pattern 2453 and ladies' skirt 2462. A pretty bordered poplin or embroidered linen would be smart for this. The model is also good for satin, taffeta.



tion mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents, in silver or stamps

A New Play or Work Uniform for Boys. 2418—This style is good for khaki, gingham, galatea, drill, cotton, corduroy and seersucker. The trousers are cut in one, with the front of the waist, at the back, waist and trousers are separate. The garment is comfortable, and a splendid "overall" model. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Style for School and General Wear. 2469—In this model, combinations of material would be very desirable. The skirt could be of serge or linen, and the blouse of sports goods, khaki, madras or silk. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 4¼ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

foulard, serge, crepe and wash silk. The blouse is in Russian style. It has very good lines. Skirt and blouse may be of separate materials. The blouse of satin and the skirt of crepe or serge. One could also combine organdy and gingham in this model. The blouse 2453 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 2462 is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. For a medium size the costume will require 6½ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 1½ yard at the foot.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl. 2463—This will be a splendid model for flouncing, embroidered voile, crepe, batiste, lawn, dimity or swiss. The over-skirt may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 3 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern



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of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents, in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Under Garment. 2471—This practical model may serve in place of a petticoat. It is suitable for serge, gabardine, repp, poplin, crepe, flannel, flannelette, muslin, cambric, satin and silk. The fulness at leg and waistline may be drawn up with elastic, or confined by bands. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 will require 1¾ yard of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents, in silver or stamps.

An Easily Made Apron. 2279—Seersucker, chambray, gingham, lawn, percale, drill, linen and alpaca are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A very Practical Set of Undergarments. 2472—Here we have a comfortable underwaist, good for jean, drill, muslin or cambric, a very practical bloomers pattern, that may be made of gingham, sateen, repp, poplin, galatea or serge, and a two-piece petticoat, nice for lawn, nainsook, cambric, muslin, flannel, and flannelette. The pattern comprises all three styles, and is cut in 6 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires, for the waist, ¾ yard; for the bloomers, 1¼ yard; for the petticoat, 1½ yard, of 36-inch material. A pat-

The Saucy Sea Horse

By Robert Seaver

A Sea Horse and a Saw Horse
Saw a see-saw one day;
Said the Sea Horse to the Saw Horse,
"See here, Saw Horse, say,
Can you see-saw with a Sea Horse?"
"Saucy Sea Horse," said the Saw Horse,
"To see-saw with a Sea Horse
For me is only play."

Then the Sea Horse and the Saw Horse
Climbed the see-saw with pride.
Both the Sea Horse and the Saw Horse
Were determined to ride.
So the see-saw saw the Saw Horse
And the Sea Horse saw the Saw Horse.
And see-sawed Saw and Sea Horse,
One perched upon each side.

So the Sea Horse and the Saw Horse
First "seed" and then "sawed"
Both Sea Horse and Saw Horse
On the long see-saw board,
Till the Saw Horse said, "Sea Horse,
A see-sawing Saw Horse
And a saucier Sea Horse
Have never see-sawed!"

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you very much."



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Good Kerosene Tractors

THE tractor is a real help to Canadian farmers now, and it is fast replacing horses for all heavy farm power work.

Kerosene is the best, as it certainly is the cheapest, tractor fuel. Therefore, our Mogul 10-20-h. p. and International 15-30-h. p. tractors are designed and built to operate successfully on this cheap, plentiful fuel.

These are three hard and fast rules our tractors must live up to: They must operate on the cheapest fuel farmers can buy; they must be so simple that any farmer can learn to handle them; and they must do enough good work in the field and at the belt to more than pay for themselves. On this basis we solicit your orders for Mogul 10-20-h. p. and International 15-30-h. p. tractors.

There is such a great demand for these machines that we cannot promise as early delivery as you may desire. Send for catalogues now, make your decision, and send in your order as soon as you can if you want an International Harvester kerosene tractor without delay. Address the nearest house listed below.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

BRANCH HOUSES

WEST—Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., Estevan, Sask., Lethbridge, Alta., N. Battleford, Sask., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon, Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Yorkton, Sask.

EAST—Hamilton, Ont., London, Ont., Montreal, Que., Ottawa, Ont., Quebec, Que., St. John, N. B.

tern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Suit for the Little Boy. 2476—This is a good style for flannel, serge, cheviot, galatea, gingham, velvet, corduroy, repp, pique and poplin. The shield is fastened to the jacket, underneath. The trousers are made with a straight lower edge. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 3½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart, Seasonable Model. 2092—This style is ideal for sports materials. It will make a fine outing or beach suit, in Jersey cloth, gabardine, serge, wash satin, taffeta, linen, drill, voile, gingham and chambray. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 4 yards for the coat and 3 yards for the skirt, of 36-inch material, for a 16-year size. The skirt measures about 2¾ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Kindly Hint

Little James, while at a neighbour's, was given a piece of bread and butter, and politely said, "Thank you."

"That's right, James," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say 'thank you.'"

"Well," rejoined James, "if you want to hear me say it again, you might put some jam on it."

One Result of the War

A delightful old lady of a little town in Nebraska was discovered one morning in the act of killing a chicken.

"Why, Mrs. Brown, I thought that you were afraid to kill a chicken," said a neighbor in surprise.

"Yes, deary, I did useter be, but since the war broke out I've done it right smart."

"I don't just understand you; what does the war have to do with it?"

"Well, you see, it's this way: I useter think that bloodshed was an awful thing, but since I've been readin' about all them men-killin's in Europe I just get a rooster by the feet, lay his head on the block and say to myself, 'Now, Sarah, 'tain't near so bad as killin' a man. Where's your nerve?' And then I just shut my eyes and whack."

His Nationality

Reviewing his Calcutta days as secretary for the acting governor of Bengal, Mr. Stanley Coxon relates an anecdote of a dinner in honour of the executive.

On assembling in the room, our host remarked: "Yes, I think we are all Irishmen, but I'm a bit doubtful about that fellow Coxon."

I was not at the time quite sure what I was. My reply, however, gave me away entirely, and delighted the heart of our genial host. In the most innocent manner I remarked:

"No, sir, I'm afraid you can't claim me. I was born there, but I've never been there!"

I have worn the shamrock ever since.

ADVERTISING RATES

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Woman and the Home

Haley Over!

By Maud R. Burton

Out from the city's din,
My feet to-day
In the old, old way,
Followed the path they wandered in
Long years before my hair grew gray.
Down to the Pembroke hills
Where tangled lines
Of the berry-vines,
And grape and ivy the old spot fills.
And under the schoolhouse wall
I sat and heard them call—
"Ha-a—ley over!"
And then on the other side
The childish voices cried,
"Under!"

Listening to them so,
My thoughts to-day
Went far away,
And pictured the scenes of the long ago,
When the same old game I used to play.
And the tears unbidden came.
For faces long forgot
Hovered around the spot.
And sitting beneath the time-stained wall
I heard "Chips" and "Spider" and
"Wilter" call,
"Ha-a—ley over!"
And off on the other side
It seemed my own voice cried,
"Under!"

Oh, to be back again
To that old way
For but a day!
To follow the cow-path through the lane,
For a mock fight under the hills.
With "Have a care!"
And "That's no fair!"
While good-natured shouts the old yard fills.
Oh, to be under the wall
With the ball in my hand and call,
"Ha-a—ley over!"
And intoned to a minor cry,
The dear old friends reply,
"Under!"

Beautifully Written

The post-card was addressed to "Mr. Preacher Smith." Among the mountains of Tennessee, Kentucky and North and South Carolina any man is a preacher who elects to harangue his fellow men upon religious themes.

But "Mr. Preacher Smith" bore his title with peculiar humility, because he was really a clergyman.

On the other side of the card was written in a sprawling, childish hand, these words:

"I am very sick. I am going to die. Come to see me."

A woman's name was signed to the message, a name he did not know; and the postmark told him that the card had come from a little village a few miles up the railroad. He looked up trains on the time-table.

When Preacher Smith found the woman, she was lying in a bare, one-room cabin up in the mountains. A little flock of children scattered at his approach, all but one boy, who came forward shyly to hold the preacher's horse.

Her story, when she told it, was common-place enough, sad enough. She had lived a life that was far from being above reproach, even when judged by the tolerant views of the neighborhood. The strange thing about it was that the woman had come to see her life as it was, and was sorry. She had sent for the minister to tell him of her repentance and her desire to lead a better life.

The preacher comforted her that day, and the next time he came he baptized her; and afterward, as he sat beside her, telling her of the kingdom of heaven, she said to him suddenly, wistfully:

"Wasn't that postal card I sent you beautifully written?"

The preacher smiled as he recalled the poor little scrawl; and then, looking in the woman's eyes, he said gently, and indeed truthfully, "Yes, it was."

Her face lighted up, and she lay back on the pillow with a little sigh of happiness.

"Did you write it?" asked the preacher.

"Oh, no, I didn't write it!" she answered, softly. "I can't write—nor read. None of my folks that I ever knew of, before me, could ever write or read. No, John wrote it."

"And who is John?" said the preacher. "John's holdin' your horse. John's thirteen. Two years ago in the winter John went to the mission school, and he learned to read and write." She paused, and again that look of radiance came into her face: "Wasn't it beautifully written?"

"Yes," said the preacher, softly. "Yes."

"And only think!" she continued, presently. "Only think! If John hadn't gone to the mission school he couldn't have learned to write, and if he hadn't learned to write I could never have sent word to you. I should never have been baptized. I shouldn't have had this comfort and this happiness. Wasn't it beautifully written?"

Lost in the Desert

"The craze to find a metal is a funny thing," said the old prospector. "I always had it, and once, in British Columbia, away north, it gave me a close call. I was alone when I got as far as the

last settlement. There were four Indians and a fur trader there. They all advised me not to go on into the barrens, but like a good many others, I thought I was wiser than the natives, and I only meant to go a few miles. There was nothing to do but foot it, and carry your provisions and blankets on your back.

"The country was flat as a floor and bald and smooth as my head, with no landmarks. The only way I could get direction was by the sun and stars.

"When I had been out for about two days my provisions were nearly gone. I was going to turn back and make a dash for the settlement. All day long a gray cloud had been moving up from the west very slowly. I suppose it was coming on so slow I didn't realize what it meant to be without the sun to guide me. There wasn't even a blade of grass on that desert, nor a living thing, nor a stone sticking up. The clouds kept bending over more and more, and finally they closed down over me like a trap.

"I shall never forget the lonesomeness of that place, and how, whenever I stopped walking, I would strain and strain my ears without hearing a thing but the thump of my own heart. But I thought I was all right, and kept on walking toward the settlement, steadily,

until it was nearly night. Then I saw something white a few yards off to one side. In one gasp the breath went out of me. The white thing was a bit of cracker I had dropped when I had eaten my lunch!

"I sat down and tried to think. I knew it was no use to walk that way any farther. I began to think my bones would whiten out there on the barrens, but finally I went to sleep. In the morning I was crazy with hunger. I ate my last piece of hardtack, and nearly all day I walked aimlessly, hoping to find some landmark. There was no sleep in me that night. Whenever I shut my eyes I could see nothing but a great flat plain with a line across it—the straightest line you ever saw.

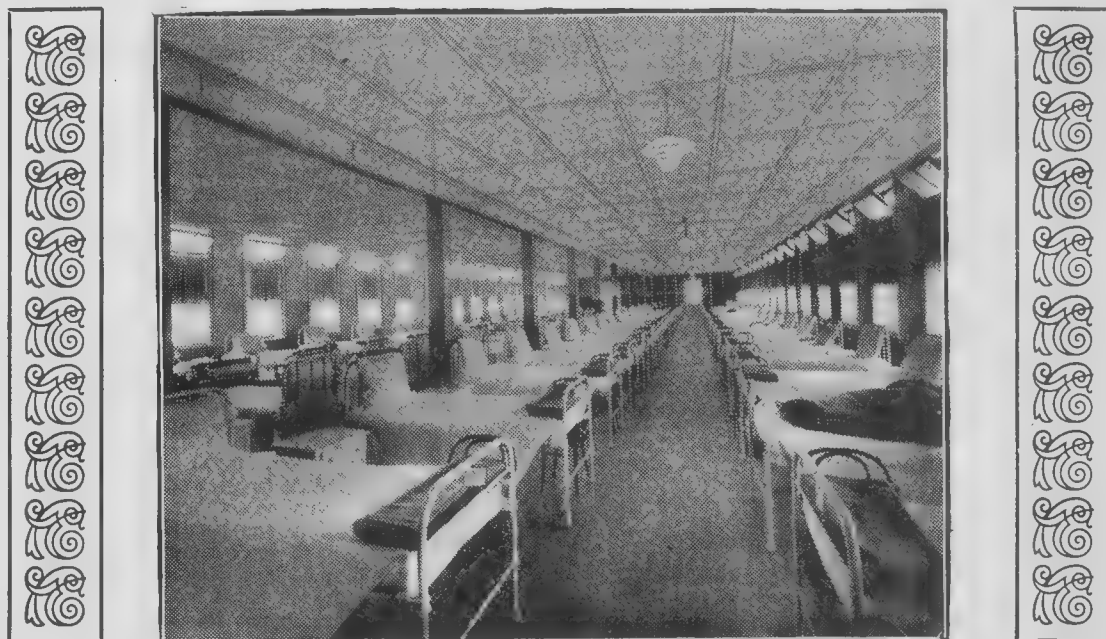
"Well, it was that crazy notion that saved my life. It suddenly occurred to me that I could draw a line across this desert. When it was getting light in the morning there were a few minutes when I could see which side of the circle was east by the glimmer through the clouds. So I worked with my sheath-knife till I had built a little pile of earth, and waited for day to come. The moment I saw the glimmer and had the direction I ran toward the south a hundred yards or so and built another pile; then I ran a hundred yards more,

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sighting back across the two piles of dirt, but they looked like towers on the desert.

"All that day I built piles of earth southward until I lost count, and the next day when I saw the glimmer of morning I knew I had the right direction. Toward night I struck a dog's track, and finally I sighted a clump of trees and a group of cabins. I fired my revolver several times, until I saw two men on horseback coming out to me; then I swung down on my knees and fell over, flat on my face.

"It was several weeks before I could close my eyes at night without sighting along little piles of earth."

Cheering Him Up

"Morning, 'Bias!" called Mrs. Samuel Bilkins from her door-step, as old Tobias Peters passed down the lane toward the cow pasture. "Seems to me I hear you coughing a good deal lately."

"Yes," returned the old man, resting a moment on the whitewashed picket fence. "I've took some cold, somehow."

"Well, you ought to be taking some care of it, then, that's all I've got to say. That cough of yours needs tending to."

"Think so?" returned Tobias, uneasily, feeling a sudden and irresistible desire to hack.

"I do that," his tactful neighbor replied with heartiness, forgetful of everything except her own enjoyment of a friendly chat, a rare luxury in her out-of-the-way abiding-place. "It 'minds me no little o' my poor Sammy's in his last days."

"Why, you don't say so, Mis' Bilkins! Why, I—" The alarmed Tobias vainly tried to stifle another tickling sensation in his throat.

"Yes, and I always said, after my two years' trial with him, I'd be a judge o' coughing if nothing else in this world."

"But, Mis' Bilkins, I—"

"And now I come to think of it, it's just the time o' year Sammy caught his first cold. Reg'lar consumption weather, I call it. Why, I was reading in the *Stumpville News* only yesterday how *Jemima Sterret*, over *Bumptown* way, took a cold and died in less than a week. But it was the Lord's will my poor, dear Sammy should hold on, a-hacking an' a-coughing for well-nigh two years!"

By this time Tobias was in the midst of a violent "spell o' coughing," and the resourceful Mrs. Bilkins bethought her still further to cheer him up.

"But mind you, 'twas worry much as anything else as carried *Jemima* off. And it's a comfort that's suthing we needn't do unless we want to. *Jemima* might have pulled through, the doctor thought, if she'd kept her mind easy. So you just take my advice, 'Bias, and don't think about that cough o' yours any more'n you can help. Seems worse somehow this afternoon than when you went past here before, but worryin' 'll only set you back. You listen to me, now, and keep your mind off of it."

Mrs. Reynolds and the Borrowers

Mrs. Hayes had finished her call and risen to go, and yet, very clearly, there was something on her mind. At the door she turned impulsively.

"I don't know what you will think of me, Mrs. Reynolds, but I feel as if I must warn you—as if it wouldn't be right not to. Have the *Carletons* been over yet?"

"No one has been here to call, but Mrs. *Carleton* has stopped at the gate once or twice."

Mrs. Hayes hesitated. She was no lover of idle gossip, that was clear. "It's just—the way they borrow," she said. "And you never get things back—or, if you do, nine times out of ten they are spoiled. They borrow everything—almost the shoes off your feet."

"Thank you, very much," Mrs. Reynolds responded cordially. "I appreciate it. I have several things I should not care to lose." She was laughing

a little, and her warm handshake sent her caller away comforted.

Half an hour later Mrs. Reynolds had another caller, the oldest *Carleton* girl. She made her errand known without any embarrassment.

"Mother's broke her carpet sweeper, and she wanted to know if she could borrow yours, 'cause company's coming."

"Won't you sit down?" Mrs. Reynolds asked pleasantly. "When is your company coming?"

"No'm, I guess I can't. She's coming to-night."

"So you want the sweeper for to-day. That is very convenient for me since my sweeping day is to-morrow. I know you will be busy with company, so tell your mother not to bother to return it; I'll come for it myself in the morning."

The *Carleton* girl gave her a puzzled look.

"I dunno as we'll be through with it," she ventured. This was clearly an experience for which she had no orders.

A glint of laughter lighted Mrs. Reynolds' eyes.

"If you are not through with it you can send for it again," she said.

She was as good as her word. The next morning she went over to the *Carletons* for her sweeper. Mrs. *Carleton* received her somewhat stiffly, but Mrs. Reynolds chatted so pleasantly that she soon "thawed." She even gave evidence of her good feeling by sending over in the afternoon for the ice-cream freezer.

Mrs. Reynolds was glad to lend it. She herself, it appeared, was to make ice cream Saturday. Mrs. *Carleton* need not bother; she would send for the freezer.

In the next week the *Carletons* borrowed a lawn mower, cake tins, curtain stretchers, a ladder and a pair of scales. Mrs. Reynolds lent each thing cheerfully, and went for it within two days. The second week they borrowed only garden shears and a cutting table. The third week Mrs. *Carleton* came, but only to call.

"I've wanted to ask you," Mrs. Hayes said, hesitatingly, one day when she met Mrs. Reynolds, "how you get on with the *Carletons*?"

"Oh, very pleasantly. They haven't borrowed anything for a month."

Mrs. Hayes' eyes widened. "I don't see how you do it!" she exclaimed.

What a Girl Makes Him

"Why did you give me such a look in the ice-cream parlors yesterday, Miss *Bertha*?"

An eager-faced girl put the question to an older friend, who, as the most popular debutante of the season, was immensely admired by the school-girls.

"Would you really like to know, *Olive*?" the older girl asked, as she drew the other's hand through her arm and walked on with her. "It hurt me to see you sitting talking in the house with a young man who kept his hat on his head."

"I could not ask him to take it off, Miss *Bertha*, though I wished that he would."

"There are ways of doing such things," was the reply; "and a girl should learn tactful ways of insisting on courteous treatment. Yesterday one of my cousins, a college boy, who had been smoking on the verandah, jumped up as I came out and said he would walk home with me. 'Shall we just sit here, then, till you have finished your cigar?' I asked. He hastened to say that he thought I did not object to the smoke. 'I do not for myself,' I replied; 'but I knew that you would rather not be seen on the street with me while you were smoking.' He flung his cigar away instantly and with a red face told me that I was a brick. You see, he is really one himself."

At this point of the conversation three young men, walking abreast and deep in discussion and laughter, came toward the two ladies. *Olive*, to avoid a collision, would have stepped off the sidewalk, but her companion kept her beside her, coming almost to a standstill as the young men brushed against her.

"I beg your pardon," came the quick apology, and instantly three hats were in hand and a flush on the lads' faces.

"They knew better, only, as every

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is *Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator*.

woman they had passed had probably got off the sidewalk for them, they were oblivious to the necessity for attention. Half and half is the rule of the sidewalk, although, men should give more to women, and the young of both sexes to their elders.

"To be sure one can overdo any good thing," Miss Bertha talked on, affectionately pressing the girl's hand on her arm. There was the case of the young man going to a party and discovering that his new trousers were six inches too long. He asked his mother to shorten them, but she was going to a club meeting and suggested he take them to his sister. However, his sister was busy with her own gown for the party and told him to take them to the maid. Unfortunately the maid was going out, so the lad cut off the extra length himself. Later in the afternoon his mother returned, remembered her son's request, found the trousers, cut off six inches and finished them neatly. Later the sister had some leisure, got the trousers and repeated the shortening. The maid, too, coming in early from her afternoon out, bethought her of Master Jack's predicament, found the trousers and kindly lent her scissors and needle to serve him.

Olive's laugh rang out so loud that Miss Bertha regretted her funny story in so public a place. "What a gorgeous sunset!" she exclaimed. "Those flying, fantastic clouds look as though a giant battle were on."

"Yet such a silent battle," the girl replied, instinctively lowering her voice. Miss Bertha smiled.

Self-Made Invalids

In searching about for the causes of various diseases, modern men of science have found that not a few ailments arise from poisons made by ourselves, or at least made within our own bodies. This process is appropriately called auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. In other diseases, again, there is no manufacture of poison, but there is a maladjustment of parts, or more or less deformity, the effects of which the system endeavors to correct, with the result of a strain to the nervous system that oftentimes spells ruin to health or even to reason.

Intestinal autointoxication is one of the greatest producers of morbid symptoms or actual diseases, running from headache, dizziness and indigestion to various mental disturbances, nervous breakdown or even actual insanity.

Self-poisoning from the waste products that ought to be eliminated through the kidneys is also very common, although in this case, the kidneys being actually diseased, the headache, blindness, convulsions, coma and other symptoms are regarded as symptoms of the kidney disease. Nevertheless, they are in reality due to autointoxication.

The diseases due to defective elimination through the skin are not so definite or so easily recognized. The function of the perspiration is probably more to cool than to eliminate, although some waste is doubtless cast off through the skin. There is a tradition concerning a boy taking part in some celebration, whose entire body was gilded, and who speedily died from the effects of closing all the pores of the skin. The story is probably made up, but the lesson it teaches of the need of free elimination through the skin is valuable, and ought to be heeded.

Another source of poisoning or of reflex nervous disturbance is the teeth. Decayed teeth, especially decayed roots, have occasionally caused deafness or blindness, and the reflex irritation from teeth set too close together or growing in abnormal directions has been known to produce serious mental disturbance.

The chief lesson of the discovery of autointoxication as a factor in the causation of disease is that one should be examined regularly, once a year at least, by a good physician, and every six months by a competent dentist. Thus it is possible to detect the first signs of defective elimination or poison production before any great damage is done.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity out without injury to the flesh.

Fish

1. The composition of fish is similar to that of meat, and most fish, if properly cooked, are digested with more ease than meat, so that we can substitute fish for a large part of the meat now eaten, with profit and increased health.

2. Frozen fish is just as nutritious as any other. It should be kept frozen until required, then thawed out in cold water and cooked. Do not let it stand after thawing, as it spoils quickly. Do not buy thawed-out frozen fish.

3. Do not let fresh-caught fish stand in water, as it loses flavor. Wash and wipe clean, sprinkle with salt, and put in cold place until required.

4. Clean fish by making an incision along the underside of fish with a sharp knife, being careful not to pierce entrails. Remove entrails, see that backbone is free from any clots, wash and wipe with a cloth wrung out of cold water.

5. Scale fish by holding in a pan of cold water, and scrape with a sharp knife, working from the tail toward the head.

6. Skin a fish by removing fins along the back. Cut off a narrow strip the entire length of back, loosen skin from gills and draw off. The fish must be firm to do this.

7. To bone fish, loosen bone from flesh at tail. Dip the fingers in salt and work the flesh from backbone, working toward head.

8. Fish stock is made from the bones and skin, and may be used in fish soups and sauces.

9. Mackerel, haddock, cod, flounders, sole, pickerel, jackfish, whitefish, tullibees, pike and goldeyes are amongst the cheapest fish on local markets.

10. Fish to be sautéed or fried may be rolled in cornmeal, oat flour, rye flour or rice flour and laid in hot greased pan, flesh side down.

11. Serve boiled fish with white sauce,

drawn butter sauce or egg sauce; baked fish with drawn butter, tomato sauce or lemon; fried or sautéed fish with lemon or a tart sauce, or with tomato. Oily fish should not be served with a butter sauce.

12. Rice or mashed potatoes should substitute bread crumbs in fish dressings.

War Cake

Two cups brown sugar, 2 cups water, 1 package raisins, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 cups rye flour, 1 cup cornmeal, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda.

Beat together the sugar and shortening. Add the water, raisins and the spices. Boil this for five minutes. Cool the mixture, then put in the rye flour, in which the baking powder has been sifted; add the cornmeal and soda. Bake in loaves in a moderate oven. This make in a quick oven.

Pink Toast

This dish is a pleasant change from the usual milk toast of which invalids get so tired. But I think anyone who tries it will find it equally popular among well people. Put three tablespoons of butter into a saucepan, when bubbling add three tablespoons of flour mixed with one-half teaspoon of salt and stir in gradually one and one-half cups of tomato stewed and strained in which one-quarter teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. Add one-half cup scalded milk, pour over six slices of toast and serve at once.

Tomato Rabbit

This is a welcome variation from the usual Welsh rabbit, and can be made en-

tirely in the chafing-dish, but we usually prepare the tomato sauce beforehand, so I will give the directions for that way of making it. One-half can tomato, one-quarter small onion, three cloves, one bay leaf, one-third teaspoon mustard, one-half teaspoon salt, a dash of cayenne, one-quarter teaspoon soda. Stew all together for ten minutes, thicken with one-half teaspoon of cornstarch, strain and put away until ready for use. When ready to make the rabbit, put the sauce into the chafing-dish and when it is absolutely hot add six ounces cheese, broken into small pieces, stir occasionally till it is all melted and creamy, then add slowly two beaten eggs. Cook one to two minutes longer, serve on toast or crackers. It will never be stringy, and if a little is left over it is almost as good warmed up the next day. This quantity serves four people.

Steak with Tomato

This is a good way of cooking a cheap cut of steak. It is nicest cooked in a casserole in the oven, but, as that is very expensive when one has a gas stove, we do it usually in a tightly covered frying pan on top of the stove. One pound of round steak, three-quarters can tomato, one small onion, salt, red and black pepper to taste, one-half bay leaf. Put all together in a frying pan or casserole and cook slowly three hours. Cooking fast absolutely spoils it.

Spiced Oatmeal Cakes

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups oat flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked oatmeal, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, 3 teaspoonfuls butter substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses. Heat the molasses and fat to boiling. Mix well all other materials and bake in muffin pans for 30 minutes. This makes 12 cakes.

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Correspondence

One Has a Hudson

Dear Editor,—Having long been an interested reader of your columns, I must at last break in on you. Why this silent reserve in a time like this, when we no longer think of much but try to win the war? I am living not far from a one-time battle ground, that of Cutknife Creek. What an entirely different war was that Rebellion. The one thing about this war that appeals so much to me is that war is God's housecleaning. It was inevitable. The world in general was polluted with sin, and people needed bringing to their senses. But the hard thing to understand is that so many of the blameless should suffer. I do not believe in conscription, except in the cities, for, believe me, it is the "Man behind the man behind the gun," as the poem goes; who keeps the

world in bread. The farm boy does not rest on a bed of roses either winter or summer. It looks all very well to see photographs of what women are doing on farms, but farming would soon lose its vitality if left alone to them. However, it shows great pluck and courage for them to attempt it, and many are working hard. This is getting to be a warlike letter, so here's to another topic.

How many of you are interested in Indians? Aren't they degenerating rapidly? Anyone living near many of them would soon notice it. Whenever I see an old, scarred and miserable-looking Indian it makes me feel as if the whites should never have intruded into their precincts. The Indians have always been constantly pushed back—pushed back—and were often deceived and defrauded. The Indian of to-day will say so little, but who knows their blind souls? Knowing as they do that at one time their roving

lives were free, but yet not unrestrained. As a teacher my aim is to get where I can yet learn more about them. By this I am not a full-fledged missionary, only a beginner at the task of teaching young farmers and their sisters.

By way of confession, I credit myself with having five brothers and sisters, enough to lead them a merry chase.

Excuse me, some of you girls, if I tell you that one brother, inclined to pass remarks, says he longs to see some of these little dolls that always sign themselves "Dolly Dimples," "Blue Eyes," "Brown Eyes," "Little Lassie," "Curly Locks" or "Lonely Girlie," and he will come right after them in his little old—not Ford, but Hudson. Now, do you see through it?

Would anyone care to correspond. Would you "Gladioli"? I must sign, "Strides."

To Help Uncle Sam

Dear Editor,—I am living on the prairie in "Sunny Alberta," and life out here is rather lonely for some of us. I am tired of this lonely life and farming, so I am going to enlist, but I won't don the Canadian uniform, as I am to help Uncle Sam.

I think if the girls ask the boys to come and take them to picnics and dances, etc., there wouldn't be so many lonely girls and boys in the West, but they won't do that; they expect the boys to have all the "spunk." In my opinion they will have to wait a long time for boys of my set to come around.

Now, I must ring off. I am only a young boy.

"Bashful Kid."

Will "Soldier's Sister" and "Strides" kindly send their names and addresses to the Editor, so that any correspondence intended for them may be forwarded.

Must Measure Up With the Boys
"Over There"

Dear Editor,—May I have a small corner of your valuable page to express my views? I notice some of the readers think too much is being said about slackers. Flora says as much good can be done on the farm as in the trenches. Quite right, Flora, but is it being done? In my estimation a slacker is the man or woman who at home is not standing behind the boys in the trenches. It is impossible for us all to go to France, but we all have a part to play in this war. We are facing a great crisis just at present. Our country, our homes and all that we hold dear is being held in the balance, and, readers, do you realize that it is the actions of the people at home that is going to turn that balance either for or against us? I do not worry over our armies in France. Four years' experience has proven that they are trustworthy, but I do tremble when I think of them all going on having a good time at home, little realizing that the man in the trenches is standing between their homes and Hell. Did you ever stop to reason why the war has lasted so long, or why there is no likelihood of an early peace? Surely it is not because the allied armies have been afraid of making personal sacrifice, but because the ones at home have thought and lived too much for self. We have got to measure up with the boys "over there." When those men return, what sort of an account are you going to give them? Are you going to be able to look them in the face and say, "We stood behind you with every minute of our time," or are you going to slink away shamefacedly, knowing that while those men were giving their best, you were living for self and self only? Four out of five of my brothers have enlisted; two of them have made the supreme sacrifice. One has been a prisoner of war for two years, and the other is at present in the front lines. So I know something of what the war means, and it hurts me to see the lack of appreciation shown by the large majority of people at home.

"Soldier's Sister."

Fond of the Correspondence Page

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of The W. H. M. for a long time, and I think it is a very good paper. It contains good instructive and entertaining reading, and I am especially fond of the correspondence circle, as it is a great thing to brighten up the lonely readers. I am a young bachelor farmer with blue eyes and light hair, weigh 150 pounds, and of a quiet disposition. I would like to hear from some of the readers, as I feel rather lonesome sometimes. I must bring this letter to a close, and thanking the editor for the space, will sign myself,

"A Lonely Farmer."

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.



HAYING SEASON

Some town folks think that labor-saving devices have driven hard work from the farm. But, while the hay loader and the hay unloader, the self-binder and the separator, and all the machines of modern farm life have lightened toil, there is still enough of it left—and more than enough for most farmers.

Farming has its attractions, but at its best, it is a well man's job.

Away back in the sixties, in the strenuous days when this country was in the making, when scythes and sickles were still in use, Dr. Chase devoted himself to keeping men and women strong, to rendering them capable of performing a long day's work with the least possible fatigue. And therein lies the secret of the PERMANENCY of his success. Fifty years have gone, a half century crowded with innovations, and through all this time Dr. Chase's Remedies have retained their usefulness.

The mechanical engineer and the skilled physician have each in their way contributed to the happiness of mankind; one by reducing labor, and the other by keeping mankind fit for labor. Unfortunately the labor-saving devices of the engineer are not within every hay maker's reach. All mows are not equipped with horse-lifted forks or slings, and if they were, strong

backs and steady, untiring arms would still be required in meadow and mow. In these strenuous days when men and women are called upon to do an unusual amount of work, when many—especially women—are obliged to do unusual work, there is a greater need than ever before of making provision for health.

Hard work effects the breaking down of myriads of cells in the human body. These cells when broken down, become so much ash—so much waste matter—which left in the blood poison the system. It is this poisonous waste matter in the blood which makes you feel completely tired out after a hard day's work.

The kidneys were designed by nature to filter these poisons from the blood and they must be kept healthy and in good working order. This is just where Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills befriend every man and every woman with hard work to do.

You can't pitch hay or do other heavy farm work with a lame, weak, aching back, and the quickest way to get the back right is by regulating the kidneys with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. You can buy them at any place where medicines are sold at 25c a box or by mail from Edmansons, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Why not let the Dr. Chase Plan of Health help you through the hard work this season?

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co. Ltd., Toronto

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

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Mrs. R. Armstrong, Nixon, Ont., writes:—"Some years ago I had diarrhœa until it became chronic. I doctored with a good doctor, but as soon as I stopped taking his medicine I was as bad as ever. I became so weak I could hardly walk across the floor alone. A friend told me of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and less than two bottles cured me to stay cured. I think it is the best medicine for bowel trouble that can be procured."

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Mrs. Mary Lawrance, 9 May Place, Kitchener, Ont., writes:—"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have made me a new woman. I used to be terribly depressed and suffered so much from Dyspepsia that I was almost a physical wreck. I tried various things, which only seemed to make me worse, and then at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They changed my whole outlook on life. I am well now. I romp with my children, and am looking hopefully forward to my soldier husband's return."

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CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.



Busy on the Farm

Dear Editor,—I have been a silent reader of your paper for quite a while, and I am going to write a few lines now to your column. I think The W. H. M. is a good paper with good, clean reading. It is handed to me every month by a friend. I am a young farmer, and I have been called for military service. I think it is a fine idea of "Kentish Hops" to send papers to the boys in the trenches, and the sailors, for they need every help and comfort we can give them. I am working a 200-acre farm, practically alone, and it keeps me busy. I would like to correspond with Francis. Wishing The W. H. M. every success, I will sign myself,

"Western Laddie."

Contented

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader and subscriber to your paper for some years, and certainly enjoy reading it. I would not like to be without it. I am a farmer, and have lived on a farm all my life, so know a few of the ins and outs of farming. It is an independent life, but is not all sunshine, and I suppose the same might be said of all other occupations. But as we each and all of us have a place to fill it is for us to do our best to fill that place no matter what circumstances may be. If anyone cares to write, my address is with the Editor. Hoping I have not taken up too much space, I will sign myself,

"Manitoba."

Dances Raise Money

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for four years, and think it is the best of all magazines printed.



A scene on the outskirts of Paris showing sightseeing cars and omnibuses transporting French and British soldiers to the Western front in anticipation of the re-opening of the German offensive expected momentarily.

Like many of the other readers of this paper, I am a farmer, and can say I like the life very much, but am generally considered to be a slacker. I have two brothers that work with me, but they have to report in Winnipeg on July 1st. We farm a section and a half of land. As I am only eighteen I do not yet come under the call. Some people around here seem to think that dancing in war time is not correct, but we raise more money at dances here than by any other means, and I myself do not see any harm in it. We have a patriotic dance every week. I am very fond of dancing, and I think most of the readers are. I also like to ride a horse, drive a car, or ride a cycle. Now I must close. I would like to correspond with any girls that would care to write, and will answer all letters.

"A Sport."

A Young Housekeeper

Dear Editor,—I have been intending to write to your very interesting column, and at last put my thoughts in action. The beautiful summer is here once again. Isn't it nice to see all the trees in leaf again and the crops looking green, also the flowers in bloom?

No doubt many of the members have dear ones in this terrible war. I have one uncle, who has returned, and one who was killed in France. My only brother is just nineteen, but has not had to go as yet, as he works the farm for dad. I am sole housekeeper for my dad, brother and two sisters. Dear mother died seven years ago, and, indeed, we all miss her dear face yet.

Many of the members discuss overalls for girls, so will express my opinion. I

would certainly think they would be just the right costume where the girls are doing men's work, but as to wearing them just for the novelty of the affair, it is not just the same. I have never had to do any farm work outside. In fact, my dad and brother would not think of letting me. Last week my brother was thrown off his car, and as his back was badly strained, he had to lie around the house for five days, and his outfit was idle. I wanted to drive it, as we could not get anyone, but rather than let me do it, he let his horses run out, but, indeed, if I had driven the plow I would certainly have donned the overalls.

I think The W. H. M. is an excellent paper for all, and wish it all success. Will say au revoir.

"Gwendolyn."

Thinks Overalls Becoming

Dear Editor,—My father has taken The Western Home Monthly as long as I can remember, and would not like to be without it. I am still going to school, and will soon be 16 years old. I am a farmer's daughter. Lately I have seen quite a number of letters discussing overalls for girls and women. I have never worn them, but a few women are doing so, and they look quite becoming; that is, for outside work. I don't think it is necessary for them to be worn in the house, but it is far better to wear them working on machinery or such outside work, than a dress. Well, I guess I had better "dry up" as this is my first letter and I hope to see its appearance in your columns.

"Sweet Sixteen."

Still Calling for Farmerettes

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber to your paper for the past four years. I

SPECIALIST SAID HE MUST OPERATE

She Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Instead,
And Is Now in Perfect Health.



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"For three years, I suffered great pain in the lower part of my body, with swelling or bloating. I saw a specialist, who carefully examined me and gave me several tonics to take, which did not help me. Then he told me I must undergo an operation. This, I refused to permit."

I heard about 'Fruit-a-tives' and the wonderful results it was giving because *this medicine is made from fruit juices*, so decided to try it.

The first box gave great relief; and I continued the treatment, taking six boxes more. Now, my health is excellent—I am free of pain and swelling—and I give 'Fruit-a-tives' my warmest thanks."

MME. F. GAREAU.

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THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."

—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.



always read the correspondence page, which I find very interesting. I think The W. H. M. is one of the best papers in Canada, and believe it is a magazine that should be read by everyone. I am very fond of reading, but do not get much time to read on the farm these days, where we are all trying to produce all we can to help win the war. I think a lot more of the girls will have to help in harvesting the crop this fall, now that they are calling so many of the young men from the farms. Wishing The W. H. M. every success, I will close, leaving my address with the Editor.

"A Farmer."

Perfectly Equipped

When the large and healthy-looking individual who had asked at the door for "a little something to eat" was told that he might have it if he would work a while at the wood pile, he shook his head mournfully.

"I've got the ague," he explained, "and my hand is that unsteady I couldn't hit more'n one stick in seven."

"All right!" exclaimed the mistress of the house. "Go out in the backyard and shake those ashes for me."

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What the World is Saying

Also the Correct Spelling

Austria-Hungry is the new spelling.—Toronto Star.

Nicholas the Nonentity

If the former Czar isn't really dead, he probably wishes he were.—Montreal Gazette.

What the Huns Are Making Sure

Every Hun attack on hospitals makes surer the fact that there will be no German-made peace.—Providence Journal.

To Bump the Hohenzollerns

Bumper grain crops on this continent will mean severe bumps for the Hohenzollern family.—New York Times.

Opposites That Will Not Mix

The Kaiser cannot mix the opposites, "Thus saith the Lord," and "Thus doeth the Hun."—Toronto Evening Telegram.

The Wolf Bleating

"We want nothing but our equitable rights," proclaims the Imperial Chancellor, who is the Kaiser's mouthpiece.—Glasgow Herald.

Canada Will Be Vigilant, Too

Dr. Spurgeon sees a rush of Germans to the United States after the war. Not if we see them first.—New York Sun.

None Better

The British Press praises Canadian airmen. Our boys are proving their stuff in every branch of the service.—Ottawa Citizen.

If

If all nations had been as well prepared as Germany—either there would not have been a war, or else it would have been very short.—Boston Transcript.

Better Buy Bales of Hay

If you have any spare cash you may wish to buy a few bales of Bolshevik rubles. The so-called government has issued forty billions.—Chicago Tribune.

Doing Justice to the Germans

A Boston preacher says that we must do justice, even to the Germans. Well, that's what we're sending all those soldiers over there for.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Too Lenient a Punishment

A suitable job for the Kaiser when peace comes might be as a hod-carrier in the rebuilding of destroyed French towns.—Edmonton Journal.

An Insult to the Pig

Protest should be made against the practice cartoonists have of using the pig as a symbol of the profiteer. The pig is a useful member of society.—Saskatoon Star.

Another Bauble for the Crown Prince

The Kaiser has conferred on the Crown Prince "the Star of Grand Commander of the Royal House of Hohenzollern". That star will soon set.—Calgary Herald.

The Allies Will See To That

A captured German officer says that Germany wants peace. Well, the Allies are going to see that Germany gets it.—Kansas City Star.

A Judge at Washington

How should one address that new woman Judge whom the President has placed on the bench in Washington. As "your Honoreess," or "Honoreine," or "Honorette"?—Duluth Herald.

The Hungry Austrians

More food-riots in Austria! What's the matter with those people. Always thinking of their stomach when the fate of the German Emperor is at stake!—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Kultural Kinness in Roumania

An American arriving in Paris from Bucharest says the Germans have left but one cow for every tenth farm in Roumania, which is Germany's way of distributing the milk of human kindness.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Safety First for Him

Those who believed the story that the German Crown Prince had been captured apparently didn't stop to consider how far the Allies would have to penetrate behind the German fighting line.—Boston Globe.

Their Master's Voice

A German paper speaks of the Austrian Field Marshal Conrad von Hotzendorf as "a rash, stuck-up ignoramus." The Austrians must win victories if they expect kind words from their German masters.—New York Sun.

Bone-dry Texas

Even Texas has gone bone-dry. It will be no longer the Texas of the dime novel and the movies, where bad men fill themselves with bad whiskey at bad saloons and proceed to "shoot up" the town.—Lethbridge Herald.

Quite So

As a country which for over forty years has been preparing and drilling and piling up munitions for this war, while the other fellows were asleep, Germany must feel a bit dissatisfied with herself.—Vancouver Province.

The Glittering Popinjay

Wilhelm seizes the occasion to plaster another medal on his degenerate son. For the Crown Prince decoration; for the common soldier disaster—that is Prussianism.—Victoria Colonist.

Dining-table Sectors

A battleline extends from the fighting front to the wheat fields of the West, and the dining tables of intermediate cities are most important sectors.—Buffalo Express.

The Helpful Tank Family

A hundred thousand tractors doing the work of 200,000 men and 800,000 horses on American farms are worthily sustaining the battlefield reputation of the tank family.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

General Bernhardt

General Bernhardt is now commanding a division of the German army. The general evidently is gathering material on how the war did not turn out as he said it would, except for its atrocities.—London Daily Mail.

His "Place in the Sun"

The Kaiser is reported by a German correspondent to have viewed the battle at Chemin des Dames from a place of safety. That's the kind of place a Hohenzollern always picks for himself.—Toronto Globe.

The Unctuous Kaiser

"I see the German soldiers bleed and die for the greater honor of the Fatherland" says the Kaiser unctuously. But nobody sees any member of the Hohenzollern family running any undue risk of bleeding or dying.—London Truth.

George III and George V.

It would have been impossible to convince the third George of England that the fifth George would one day eat buckwheat cakes in an American canteen at his capital and practise baseball to participate in a Fourth of July celebration.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Plunderers of Belgium

Belgium is being forced to pay an annual tribute to Germany, which amounts to \$150 for every Belgian man, woman and child. If we also were conquered by the might of German arms, Germany would collect about \$15,000,000,000 a year from the United States. But that is a German pipe dream that will never be realized.—New York Globe.

"The Gate of the Friend"

General Allenby made his entry into Jerusalem, by the Jaffa gate, the name of which in Arabic is "The Gate of the Friend." The gate is open now to all men of good-will, a symbol of British liberty.—London Sphere.

Drop It From an Airplane For Him

We see that Berlin triumphantly reports the capture of a number of American wagons, and if we'd known that would be so pleasing we would have sent over a cute little red express-wagon for the Crown Prince to take single-handed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Agent of Kultur

A German agent in this city is charged with telling colored men (1) that "Germany loves negroes," and (2) that if we send them to France and the Kaiser's men catch them "the Germans would cut off their ears and arms and would dig their eyes out." This consistent Teuton has qualifications for a Foreign Secretary.—New York World.

A Graceful Acknowledgment

"To command you is an honor, to work with you is a pleasure, to know you is to know the best traits of the Anglo-Saxon race," says Admiral Bayly, commander-in-chief of naval forces on the Irish coast. His message is addressed to American naval officers and men who for a year have been engaged in the waters where the U-boats operate. We are glad to feel that there is more than courteous friendship behind the graceful acknowledgment.—Buffalo Commercial.

Standardized Clothing

We are warned that clothing will be much dearer a few months hence than it is now. Perhaps it will yet be necessary to adopt the plan which has been introduced in Britain—the standardization of clothing and the public regulation of its sale. The standardized clothing is being sold at the following prices: Men's suits, 88s. and 57s. 6d.; youths' suits, 70s. and 50s.; boys' suits, 45s. and 40s.; men's, youths' and boys' overcoats respectively, 63s., 45s. and 35s.—Hamilton Herald.

The Worth White Ideal

We may be fighting in part because a victorious Germany might turn to our wealth as a source of loot from which to pay for the cost of the war, but we are fighting for much more than that. We are fighting in part for England and France, who for three hard years fought our battle for us unaided, but we are fighting for others as well. We are fighting for ravaged Belgium and Serbia, for disorganized, distracted Russia, and we will not stay our hand until the rights of small and weak peoples everywhere are recognized and defended by the strong.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Only Way

The Hun is a bloody and ruthless enemy, and he glories in his methods of war. He can only be defeated by giving him his own medicine until, like all bullies, he cries "Enough!" Sentiment he laughs at. He acts consistently on the principles so well laid down by General von Liebert not long ago:—"For us there is only one principle—might is right; we must know neither sentiment, humanity, consideration, nor compassion." There you have the pure military Hun doctrine in all its nakedness.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Berlin Artist's Oversight

The Berlin Lustige Blatter has a satirical cartoon showing a procession in London celebrating the fact that "the British have conquered their dislike of food tickets." There is a serious oversight in the drawing, though. The procession is passing through the main thoroughfares of London, yet the artist has actually depicted the surrounding buildings as standing in good condition. What becomes of the repeated assertions that the Gothas have left London in ruins? The carelessness of the Lustige Blatter artist is criminal, and it is to be hoped that by now he has been suitably chained up.—Manchester Guardian.

One Great German Achievement

So the Kaiser and his advisers have brought together the English-speaking peoples more closely and more rapidly than the fondest dreamers after more intimate relations between them dared to hope. That, as we ventured to point out when the President called upon Congress to declare that Germany had made war upon the Republic, is an immense event in the history of the Old World and of the New—the greatest that has happened, except the war itself, since the French Revolution. It is having, and will have, complex and far-reaching consequences both for the British Empire and for the United States in many spheres of thought and of activity.—London Times.

A Wise Man From the East

A learned and wise Chinese scholar, Professor Chang Po-ling, made a journey round the world ten years ago to examine the other religions of the world than his own religion, Confucianism. On his return home he became a Christian, because his journey round the world and his study of religions had convinced him that Christianity is "the religion which makes all men equal, and also makes men grow." Recently Professor Chang Po-ling has again visited this continent, and it is a notable fact that the war has not lessened the confidence of his belief and trust and hope in Christianity. "Why should we let go of our faith, if things look bad?" he asks. "In discouraging times faith helps most." This is true wisdom. No person who believes that there is a guidance of this universe can think that the ultimate issue not only of this war but of all things human can be other than a victory for truth and right. To think otherwise, to imagine that this universe is a physical and moral chaos without purpose or guidance, is insanity.

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True, in many cases its quality, *appearance*, big-car stylish design, and distinctive color scheme primarily influenced purchasers.

Again, in many, many cases, it is the *performance* of Model 90 that makes it first choice. As a matter of fact, performance is its major virtue.

A large number of Model 90 owners, when asked the reason for their choice, have mentioned *comfort* first.

Service is not listed among a car's specifications, and by service we do not mean the service the car gives alone, but the service that the dealers and factory behind the car are ever ready and able to give.

In making a survey of the reasons for the popularity of the Model 90 car, seldom has its moderate *price* been mentioned first—

Yet, even if it were lacking in some of the five advantages it *does* combine, its price still would warrant its great popularity.

And to-day, above all else, a car must be *economically efficient*.

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